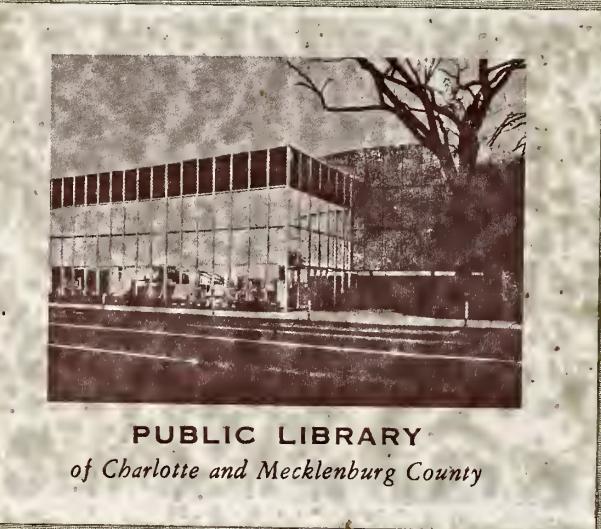
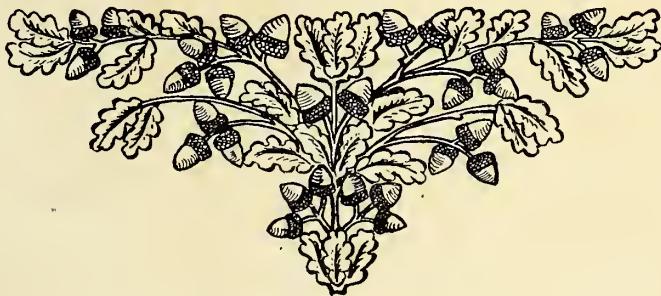


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The Elizabethan



EDITED BY
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE
ELIZABETH COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.



PRESSES OF RAY PRINTING CO.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
1909



VIEW LOOKING FROM MAIN BUILDING TOWARD THE CITY

TO
Prof. Harry J. Zehm
THIS VOLUME IS
MOST LOVINGLY
DEDICATED FOR
HIS FAITH-
FUL
WORK
AND
UNSWERVING
INTEREST
IN OUR COLLEGE



HARRY J. ZEHM
Director of Elizabeth College Conservatory of Music

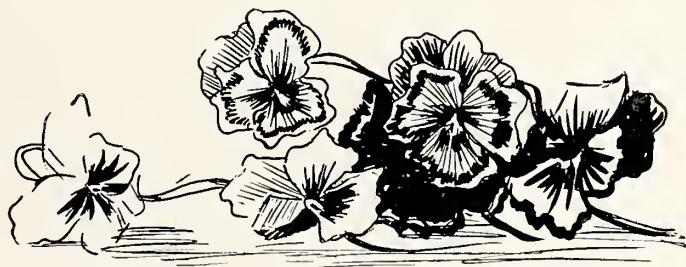
Editorial

TO ALL those who shall open this book and glance through its precious contents we extend a hearty greeting.

We would pray you be mild in your criticism and bear in mind that this is our first attempt at such an undertaking.

We have always kept before us our motto: "Palma non sine Pulvere," and thus have produced our little volume, full of mistakes, perhaps,—but the result of most careful toil. Again, O Reader, extending most hearty greetings to you, we would sign ourselves.

THE EDITORS.



THE ELIZABETHAN STAFF



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Edna Oliver Harper, *Editor-in-chief*

Agnes Chalmers, *Literary Editor*

Bessie Bryant, *Art Editor*

Chattie Usher, *Social Editor*

Alice Kerr Houston, *Religious Editor*

Miriam Gryder, *Joke Editor*

Zelia Corriher, *Expression Editor*

Lois Lucas, *Athletic Editor*

Grace Barnhardt, *Music Editor*

Martha May Carr, *Business Course Editor*

Louise Miller, *Club Editor*

Zula Frank Hedrick, *Business Manager*

Beatrice Mae Boyd, *Assistant Business Manager*



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Matron, Trained Nurse

ZELIA CORRIHER, A. B.

Taught Latin First Term in the Absence of Miss Willis



Irene B. Palmer



Margaret Willis



Charles B. King



Rebecca Adelle Allen



G. D. Bernheim



Anna Dotger



Katherine Ross



Julie Klager





"HOMO"
Mascot of the Senior Class

Class of 1909

MOTTO : Palma non sine pulvere

COLORS : Green and White

FLOWER : Snow Drop

OFFICERS :

ALICE KERR HOUSTON, President

ZULA FRANK HEDRICK, Vice President

EDNA OLIVER HARPER, Secretary

AGNES CHALMERS, Treasurer

BEATRICE BOYD, Historian

GRACE BARNHARDT, Poet

ZULA HEDRICK, Prophetess

MIRIAM GRYDER, Corresponding Secretary

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Agnes Chalmers,	-	Candidate for A. B.	Martha Mae Carr,	-	Candidate for Piano
Zula Hedrick,	-	Candidate for A. B.	Chattie Usher,	-	Candidate for Piano
Alice Houston,	-	Candidate for A. B.	Grace Barnhardt,	-	Candidate for Piano
Lois Lucas,	-	Candidate for A. B.	Zelia Corriher,	-	Candidate for Piano
Louise Miller,	-	Candidate for A. B.	Anna D. Kincaid,	-	Candidate for Piano



Agnes Chalmers



Miriam Gryder

AGNES CHALMERS, Treasurer of Class '08-'09; Literary Editor of Elizabethan.

Our recitation hours are often brightened by Agnes' wit. Her bright face is an inspiration while her sulphitic remarks impress one with her originality. She is especially gifted in the art of introducing for discussion, topics which are foreign to the History lesson. She is a splendid student and her fondness (?) for Math. is great enough to please even our strict Professor.

MIRIAM GRYDER. Corresponding Secretary of Class '08-'09; Joke Editor of Elizabethan; Member Diatelean Literary Society.

What shall we say of Miriam, with face full of smiles that won't be controlled, and eyes that sparkle with mischief? She is always ready with a joke and never fails to impart fresh knowledge on any subject connected therewith. Without her our Class would never be complete. Behind all this mischief-making there is a loving heart and sympathetic feeling for everyone. Miriam has elicited the admiration of the whole Class and especially Dr. King, on account of her excellent memory.



Edna Harper

ZULA HEDRICK. Pres. Class '05-'06; Pres. Missionary Society '08-'09; Pres. Athletic Association '08-'09; Rec. Sec. of D. L. S. '08-'09; Lieut.-Gov. Tar Heels '08-'09; Vice-Pres. of Class '07-'08 and '08-'09; Vice-Pres. of Cotillion Club '08-'09; Captain Regular B. B Team '08-'09; Page D. L. S. '05-'06; '06-'07; Sec. of Class '06-'07; Captain of Class B. B. Team '06-'07; '07-'08; '08-'09; Varsity Team '06-'07; Sec. of Y. W. C. A. '07-'08; '08-'09; Cap. Collegiate Team '07-'08; Captain Varsity '07-'08; Treasurer of Tar Heels '07-'08; Vice-Pres. Athletic Association '07-'08; Poet of Class '07-'08; Treas. Cotillion Club '07-'08; Treas. D. L. S. '07-'08; Business Manager Elizabethan.

"Witty and Wise with merry blue eyes
A ruler is our Zula and no one can fool her."

It is useless to introduce Zula to you, every one knows her. She is one of our favorites and I'm sure we should be lost without her happy disposition and bright witticisms.

EDNA HARPER. Vice-President of Class '06-'07; Sec. of Palmettos '06-'07; '07-'08; Vice-President of Missionary Society '06-'07; '07-'08; Historian of Class '07-'08; Rec. Sec. of D. L. S. '07-'08; Sec. of Class '08-'09; Vice-President of D. L. S. '08-'09; Vice-President of Palmettos '08-'09; Sec. of Athletic Association '08-'09; Historian of D. L. S. '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief of Annual '08-'09.

"Here's to our well-beloved Editor-in-Chief
That Edna will become a genius is our firm
belief."

We do not forget her literary genius, her untiring efforts for the Elizabethan and we feel that her influence has not been entirely lost, though we were a long time realizing that material was needed for the Annual.



Zula Hedrick



Alice Kerr Houston



Lois Lucas

ALICE KERR HOUSTON. Vice-President of Class '06-'07; Page of Diatelean Literary Society '05-'06-'06-'07; Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '06-'07; First Critic of D. L. S. '07-'08; President of Class '07-'08 '08-'09; Secretary of State Tar Heels; President of Y. W. C. A. '08-'09; President of D. L. S. '08-'09. Religious Editor of Elizabethan.

"A. K." or better known as "Sweet Little Alice" is beloved by everyone. She has a ready sympathy for anyone and anything. She is very much interested in the Y. W. C. A. and though, she thinks not, we firmly believe she will be even greater than Miss Anna D. whom she is——about. Let us say this of her:

"The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent."

LOIS LUCAS. Secretary of Class '05-'06 Treasurer of Class '07-'08; Librarian of D. L. S. '08-'09; Athletic Editor of Elizabethan.

What should we do without "Locus?" Full of enthusiasm and never failing to be interested in everything concerning the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine. Dance? O, yes and quite the best in school. She leads you around so nicely that you most think there is "someone's" strong arm guiding you through the mists of darkness into light.

Without Lois the Class of Nineteen Nine would be lost.



Louise Miller

LOUISE MILLER, Secretary of Class '08-'09
President of Euchrestian Literary Society
'08-'09; Club Editor of Elizabethan

"Charms strike the sight but merit wins
the soul."

Louise is our most quiet, member and
although she says little, her kind and sweet influ-
ence is always felt. She ever smiles and believes
that, "Silence is Golden."

So firm is her belief in this saying that
she remains silent even when Miriam practices
her latest jokes upon her.



Grace Barnhardt

GRACE BARNHARDT. Class Poet '08-'09;
Music Editor of Elizabethan.

Grace, always sweet-tempered and wish-
ing to please has had a good influence upon us as
soon as the secrets of "Naughty Nine" were un-
folded to her. Full of wit and ideas—such ideas
that are simply full of originality and ingenuity!

Grace makes a good man as many of those
ghostly beings who attended Halloween will
testify; but some day we can see the conditions
reversed and Grace will be presiding over a nice
little breakfast table for two. Before this hap-
pens however, she, with her wonderful music,
will have elicited the admiration of everyone.



Beatrice Boyd

BEATRICE BOYD. Historian of D. L. S. '07-'08; Historian of Class '08-'09; Asst. Manager of Elizabethan.

"Bea" is a valuable member of the Class. As her name signifies she flies around with quite a busy little air, but is never too busy to help you in any way possible.

Everyone loves Bea's music. It has such an entrancing air that we are compelled to stop and listen "willy nilly." We know she will bring many admirers to her feet with the same wonderful music.



Bess Bryant

BESS BRYANT. Censor of Diatelean Literary Society '05-'06-'07; Corresponding Secretary of Diatelean Literary Society '07-'08; Vice-Pres. of Missionary Society '08-'09; Atty. Genl. of N. C. Club '05-'06; Lieut.-Gov. of N. C. Club '07-'08; Gov. of N. C. Club '08-'09; Corresponding Secretary of Diatelean Society '08-'09; Manager of Basket Ball Team '07-'08; Vice-Pres. of Athletic Association '08-'09; Sec. of Cotillion Club '05-'06; Art-Editor of Elizabethan; Pres. of Cotillion Club '08-'09.

"Bess" or "Becky" is quite a favorite, not only among her class-mates, but with the whole school faculty included.

We are quite sure that in a few years she will rival Paderewski and win for herself the fame of the whole world.



Martha May Carr

**MARTHA MAY CARR, Business Course Editor
Elizabethan**

Martha May has won her way into all our hearts. She is quite a musician and interprets her music in such a way that you can hardly fail to understand the most difficult passages.

When she lifts her large blue eyes upon you, you feel that she reads your inmost soul. The fortunate one who reads those eyes aright, how happy he will be!



Zelia Corriher

**ZELIA CORRIHER, Expression Editor of the
Elizabethan; Attorney of Class.**

"Zeke, always so nice and polite
Never fails to do things right."

Zelia, one of our most promising musicians has always held a warm place in our hearts.

She won distinction for herself by teaching Latin during Miss Willis' illness.

We love and admire the only one of us who can combine musical genius with such great literary ability.

Her music holds one enthralled and we are sure she will be accompanist to some great singer.



Chattie Usher

CHATTIE USHER. Social Editor of Elizabethan.

'Tis true and pity 'tis, 'tis true
Many are the hearts broken by Chattie Sue.

The bewitching graces and wonderful
music of Chattie are known to all who know her.

And so great is her attractiveness that
even the merest strangers are enthusiastic. The
latest however became known a few days ago,
and we are very much afraid that instead of
becoming one of the Worlds' greatest musicians
her time will be given to making attractive a
nice little home in Richmond.



*"And may there be no moaning
of the bar,
When we put out to sea."*

Class Poem

Four years ago we came,
Filled with ambition and life,
To begin our work at Elizabeth—
A work of joy and strife.

Then, we were timid freshmen,
With only a dream of the time
When we should finish our work
With the class of 1909.

Meanwhile we've plodded upward,
Climbing the hill of fame,
Striving to win for ourselves
A loved and honored name.

The path was steep and rugged,
But bordered by flowers rare,
Which blossomed to help us onward
And make our pathway fair.

We have striven with every effort
To make a record true,
But now that we've reached the summit
We feel little honor is due.

But our hearts are bound with love,
And friendship claims every one;
It grieves us to think of parting,
That our work at Elizabeth is done.

Like our colors strong and true
May our lives forever be,
Like the snowdrop pure and fair
Full of sweet simplicity.

Far out in the glimmering sunshine
A brilliant future there shines,
Brightened by tho noble efforts
Of the class of 1909.

CLASS POET.

History of Class of '09

N WRITING a history of this kind, one is apt to exaggerate and make mountains of mole hills. Nevertheless, I shall not thrust the greatness of this class upon you, but let you see that some of us were born great and the rest have achieved greatness.

Four short years ago, we left our homes to enter Elizabeth College. Some of us had never been away from home before—for such a long while, so we suffered dreadfully with the “melancholy” and the “homesick.” So many strange faces! Not one familiar. Oh! It was hard. Then, those bells! Every few minutes a bell would ring and we would rush out into the corridor to find the meaning of the bell. The Faculty! How we stood in awe of them scarcely daring to look them straight in the face, lest we should displease them, or do something green. How ambitious we were!—to always have our lessons well prepared, and in the distance catch a glimpse of ourselves as dignified seniors, wearing the cap and gown.

We entered Elizabeth as “Freshmen,” but why we were called “Freshmen,” we could not understand, for our greenness was thrust upon us every day. Until, three very meek and mild Seniors aided by the Sophomores tried to initiate the poor little “Fresh.” We in our greenness turned the tables and made our tormentors appear ridiculous. After that we were recognized as “real spunky rats.”

We were of little importance as Sophomores. We did nothing great that year except in athletics. Our basket ball team was fairly well worked up, and how proud the “Sophs” were, when their center was chosen to play in the match game between the Presbyterians and Elizabethans.

As Juniors, however, we became quite important. We had increased in number, making eleven in all. In the class room we had won favor in the eyes of the faculty and were much envied by our fellow students. As Sophomores we were told of our vanity and conceit, but as Juniors, we were more so. (So the “Sophs” said.) This year we won laurels on the basket ball field, winning every game we played thus claiming the championship and banner. How proud we were when the green and white waved high on the flag-pole—telling of victory!

Passing from the “prim and precise” stage of Juniorship to the real dignity of Seniors, our ideal fancies were realized when we first appeared in our caps and gowns. Two more members were added to our class roll, making the unlucky number of thirteen. But what care we if “13” is unlucky? It has not proved so with this class of “naughty nine.” For have we not continued to win laurels in the class room and on the basket ball field? Again we were triumphant, not losing a single game and for the second time winning the championship and a loving cup.

This, our last year has been our brightest and happiest, but the saddest year at Elizabeth. We realize how soon our school-days will be over and how soon will be the parting from our faculty, class-mates and school friends. These four years have been the brightest ones in our short lives and when we are old and gray, we will look back upon them with longing to live them over again. We have studied hard and long, and we have tried to make the most of our opportunities. We feel we have been benefitted by these four years of study and close companionship with each other, and the lessons we have learned here, may every one of us strive to take them into our daily lives, and so live that we may always be an honor to our dearly loved Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.

A Toast to 1909

Here's a toast to you—1909
We'll soon bid you adieu,
But just before you go dears
Here's a double health to you.

Here's a sigh for those who love you,
And a smile for Juniors' hate (?)
For you're the best and the sweetest
And we'll toast you early and late.

It's hard to say good-bye
And we'll drain our glasses to you.
Here's a toast to 1909
Here's our love to you—and you!

A. C. W.

Prophecy

TWAS a brilliant day and I, with a party of friends was having a trip in an air ship, we were sailing along for some time when I noticed we were going over a pretty town—why! It was Charlotte and there was our own dear Elizabeth—Our Alma Mater, how my heart leaped as I saw the old familiar stately building and the girls flitting about on the campus—surely I must see one familiar face—but time flies and though it had seemed to me only a short while—could it have been five years since I had gone out from those walls into the world. Look! Coming there from the Laboratory with that old familiar Chemistry Book was a sweet faced girl—no not a girl any more but the most dignified and learned Professor of Science at Elizabeth. Alice—my room-mate of old. How I wanted to have one more long talk and take a walk to the old loved places but the campus was already in the past and we were nearing Charlotte. A large crowd of people were hastening to the Academy of Music. What was the attraction? Looking at the board I saw “Mlle Edna Harper, a graceful woman, with a wonderful soprano voice with clear enunciation, great range and beauty”—could this be our Edna? but there was more on that placard—“Mlle Harper is accompanied by Mlle Carr whose excellent interpretation of music is the only thing needed to complete Mlle Harper’s fame and glory,” and I thought how often their thoughts must, too, wander back to the Gerard Conservatory of Music where they had been started on their career.

Followed a long while of sailing for I was in deep meditation and forgetting time and space—but I looked down on a large city, streets were full of the bustling, hurrying crowds, we seemed to be over the slums and there making her life so happy and useful was the figure of one of the members of “naughty nine”—for four years she had been “to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony”—Need I tell who it was?—Agnes—I strained my eyes for a last glimpse but the little figure was lost in the crowds of those around her and we were passing rapidly on.

My companions began talking of the latest inventions—the wonderful additions to Science and of the genius of the twentieth century who had given to the world such comfort—but my thoughts were dwelling on old memories and I was oblivious to those around me until I heard again the—wonderful invention of Miriam Gryder—which had given the greatest aid to colleges of all centuries. A clock that alarmed with such force at the proper moment that all the day students would now catch the 8:35 car.

The old times now came crowding back and in my mind I was back in “62,” twas a Senior Class meeting and I was living over the old heated discussions of Senior Privileges, Bess’s last frat pin, who should print the Annual, opals or pearls in the class pin, but my attention was called, we were in the city of Baltimore and there going up the steps of Johns Hopkins, was a familiar face of “Doctor” and by his side was a beautiful young woman with black glossy hair and who else could possess that smile but our Bessie?—that smile told me the story—her heart had been won and she was the first of the class of 1909 to let Dan Cupid hold full sway and despite of her great power for swaying the world with her music, had decided to play to only one.

The many hours we had spent in getting “ads” and “endowments” came back with sweet memories, but time was flying and we were in Boston and there on the corner of—street was an excited hurrying crowd. What was the attraction? Just then came the

shrill tones of an enthusiastic voice proclaiming Woman's Rights. No one else could possess that voice but our enthusiastic, freedom loving Lois. I could but remember how valiantly she had stood up for Senior Rights, for instance in her demand for the trophy cup of '08-'09. Her righteous indignation at the unreasonable demand for no celebration on All Fool's Day. That brought back the feasts in the gym and the early morning dances. But my attention is brought back to my companions who are discussing the latest books. "One of the most beautiful of American books—a collection of sketches of the well known authoress, Louise Miller. The name of this volume "Golden Silences." It is one of those pure, sweet, exquisite stories that are so true and genuine that it appeals to people of all ages."

That glorious old class of "naughty nine" was indeed "making undying music in the world, breathing beauteous odors that control with growing sway, the growing life of man."

We were now sailing over New York and there was Columbia University. Who was that graceful girl walking with that distinguished looking man? Could that be our ambitious Zelia?

Yes, she was back at Columbia but not as a student this time but was known by all the students as Professor "—" helpmeet, and with them was a light haired, fair faced girl—where had I seen that smile?

Why that was Chatty. How long had she been in New York—I wondered—but I heard Zelia saying "Yes, I read of your brilliant success at the Metropolitan last night. The New York World says that you rendered with a fire and dash the most difficult solos that demand brilliant execution." The old times all rush back again but what else was Zelia saying, "Yes her compositions are wonderful, her symphonies and overtures have a great depth of sentiment, a high sense of beauty and a noble human breadth. Her piano quartet is a genial work of great spontaneity that has taken America by storm." Who was this brilliant composer? I was thinking when I heard one word "Grace."

How time flies, it had only seemed yesterday we were all together—the Class of 1909 and one by one I was thinking of the good each had done.

"Yes, she is a splendid interpreter, she leaves tomorrow for Europe where she will study under the best musicians." My companions spoke again, "Yes, Miss Boyd leaves tomorrow for the 'old Country.'"

This then was the work Bee had selected in the world—she completed the Class of 1909. My thoughts were again at Elizabeth—this was the future of all my class mates. They were all doing "deeds of rectitude and sending out thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars and with their mild persistence urging the world's search to vaster issues." But what was that awful sound, was the air ship sinking? I was falling, falling, falling. The world was getting dizzy there was a crash, and opening my eyes I saw the car turning the corner and Bess was pulling my sleeve. I had been asleep under the "Popular Tree" at the foot of the campus and here was Bess calling me to get up quick—the car was there and we must get "Ads."

ZULA FRANK HEDRICK.



Class Will

ELIZABETH COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE,
MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

We, the Senior Class of college, city, county, and State aforesaid, being perfect in memory, understanding and all other mental faculties, but realizing that the days of our existence at the aforesaid college, city, county and State are numbered, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament in the manner and form following, that is to say:

First, we hereby appoint and constitute the Sophomore class our lawful executor to all intents and purposes to execute every part and clause thereof of this our last will and testament without bond according to the true intent and meaning of the same.

Item 1. We will and bequeath to our much loved Alma Mater our lasting respect and undying loyalty.

Item 2. We hereby will and bequeath to the Juniors our conceit, our surplus brains, and our extraordinary and unbounded conception of Psychology and Chemistry, which they sadly need. At the expiration of said class the above-named and described property is to pass to their invaluable co-workers, the Freshmen. We further will to this supercilious and prematurely important class, a tin cup as a consolation.

Item 3. We will to the Sophomore class our prevailing popularity with the faculty, also our valuable aid and influence which we have exerted over our under-classmen.

Item 4. We will to the Freshmen a pacifier and a bottle of soothing syrup for each member of the infant class.

Item 5. We will Alice's executive ability to the President of the Sophomore class.

Item 6. We will Grace's poetical genius to the most precocious member of the Freshman class showing talent in this line and a book of her poems to the library of Elizabeth College.

Item 7. We will all our note books to our English teacher, Miss Allen, realizing that they are worthy to be kept as models.

Item 8. We will to Miss Palmer all of the current events of the next two years.

Item 9. We will Agnes to the student body to intercede Miss Palmer in its behalf on all occasions.

Item 10. We will all our musical compositions to be dedicated to Professor Zehm as a tribute of gratitude.

Item 11. We will to Miss Jackson the pleasure as well as the privilege of doing all Chemistry experiments without our unparalleled assistance, also our permission to blow up or set on fire the laboratory at any time desirable to herself.

Item 12. We will to the music faculty all our discords and metronomes so they can keep up with the time.

Item 13. We will Lois Lucas' enthusiasm to the Junior class poet.

Item 14. We will Louise Miller's gentleness and angelic disposition to Bert Dotger.

Item 15. We will Chattie's "peachy" complexion to Mr. Waddey to win the Richmond girls.

Item 16. We will Martha May's teaching ability to Mamie Lewis.

Item 17. We will Beatrice's genius for writing histories to Gertrude Smith, historian of the Sophomore class.

Item 18. We will Bessie's detachable hair to Sarah Houseal.

Item 19. We will our superfluous ideas to the walls of the annual room.

Item 20. We will to Miss Willis all Latin text books, Caesar and Terence inclusive, bound in the new pea-green binding of Infinite Accusatives and Periphrastics.

Item 21. We will Miss Ross, the guardian of the green and white, to the class of 1913.

Item 22. We will Zula's basket ball spirit to Hazel Albright, Captain of the Sophomore team and her heart to Miss Willis forever and ever.

Item 23. We will Edna's annual manuscript to the class of 1910.

Item 24. We will Miriam's mischievous spirit to the shades of Elizabeth College.

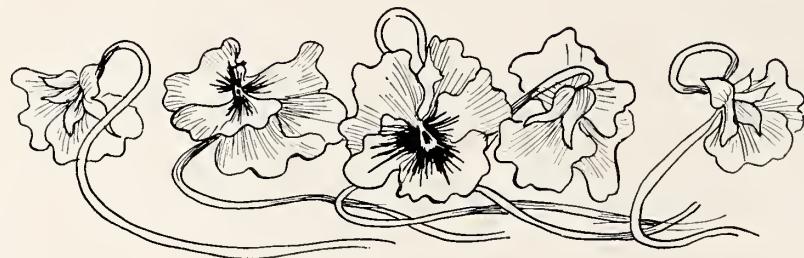
In the presence of this illustrious assembly gathered together at our request, we, the Senior Class of Elizabeth College, do hereunto set our hand and seal on this the twenty-first day of May, in the year nineteen hundred and nine.

THE SENIOR CLASS
Per Zelia Clare Corriher.

Codicil 1. We will our seats at table 23 in the northwest corner of Jordan's drug store to the Freshmen so that they will be able to behave in a dignified manner.

Codicil 2. We will to the special students all chicken bones and other remains of midnight feasts.

Codicil 3. We will to the President a volume of "Sherlock Holmes," and "Valuable Hints to Presidents."





Juniors

MOTTO: Nous sommes toutes loyales

COLORS: Black and Gold

Flower: Black-eyed Susan

YELL:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Ree!
Junior Class, don't you see?
Nineteen hundred and ten are we.
Greatest Class of old E. C.

OFFICERS:

LOUISE HIPP, President

ERNESTINE GRAICHEN, Vice-President

EVELYN LEE, Secretary

BERTHA DOTGER, Treasurer

MARY KING, Poet

ETHEL NORTHEY, Hisiorian

HAZEL ROBINSON, Artist

CLASS ROLL:

Sarah Houseal
Ernestine Graichen
Evelyn Lee
Addie Hinson
Evelyn Rucker
Mamie Lewis
Ruth Lillard

Bertha Dotger
Louise Hipp
Ethel Northey
Mary King
Hazel Robinson
Lucy Keister
Ruth Bradley



Class of 1910

“The Taming of the Shrews”

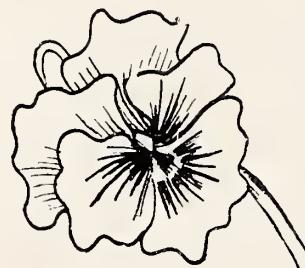
WITH MUCH joy at the thought of entering college, we began our Freshman year, “A Comedy of Errors,” on the eighteenth of September, nineteen hundred and seven. It did not take us long to perceive that our joy was changing to fear and trepidation; for we soon found that it was not so great to be a freshman.

After this long and dreadful year the same “sweet sixteen” fairly jolly girls reached the distinguished eminence of Sophomores. It is a universally accepted rule that this is the year when there is “much ado about nothing.” However, at the completion of the year when we learned that one of our class had won the highest honor of the school, by capturing the scholarship medal, we found that there were exceptions even to this rule. We then knew that the attainments of this class are certainly worth prominence. It was during this year that our sister class, the Seniors, entertained us at a most delightful german.

We entered into our Junior year anticipating this as being the time when everything would be “As You Like It.” However, as our vacation is drawing near, we realize that “The Winter’s Tale” has revealed to us our regretful mistake.

Our hearts swell with pride when we realize that in a few more weeks, our vicissitudes will be at an end. Then after a vacation of three months, we shall return to be the undisputed possessors of caps and gowns and enter the victorious year when “All’s well that ends well.”

ETHEL NORTHEY, Historian.



A Junior Toast

Now here's a toast to our college!
Which is loved by great and small,
And here's one to our school-mates, too,
But the dearest toast of all—
Is one that we cry again and again
“To the dear old Class of 1910!”

We are loyal and true to our colors
The Black for the courage bold,
In basket-ball field, and class room;
And the Yellow for hearts of gold
That beat with love again and again,
For the dear old Class of 1910!

We have struggled and toiled in our college,
With purpose true and strong,
Success is our ideal banner,
We will wave it high and long,
For work we must again and again
To reap the joys of 1910!

And no matter where we may wander
From the doors of our College, so dear,
And though many miles divide us
From the friends who are gathered here
Yet our hearts will turn again and again
To the dear old Class of 1910!



Sophomore Roll Call

MOTTO :

Ease Quod Simus

COLORS : Light Blue and Gold

FLOWER : Forget-me-not

YELL :

Hullabaloo Rickety-roo
For the gold and the blue
Sophomore !

HAZELL ALBRIGHT, President

WILLIE McLAUGHLIN, Vice-President

ALMA OATES, Treasurer

MARGARET DEWOODY, Class Poet

CLASS :

Hazell Albright

Willie McLaughlin

Alma Oates

Mary Taylor Sasser

Gertrude Smith

Margaret Dewoody



Class of 1911

Sophomore Class History

HAVING PASSED the green age of Freshman we have now attained the height of Sophomoric mightiness and high-mindedness, we look down upon our lower classmen and call them "Rats," quite ignoring the fact that we were such—only a short time ago. We quite over-awe them by our supreme disdain.

To our sister class, the Seniors, we will ever remain loyal, and wish them a happy voyage in life when they leave the portals of dear old "Betsey."

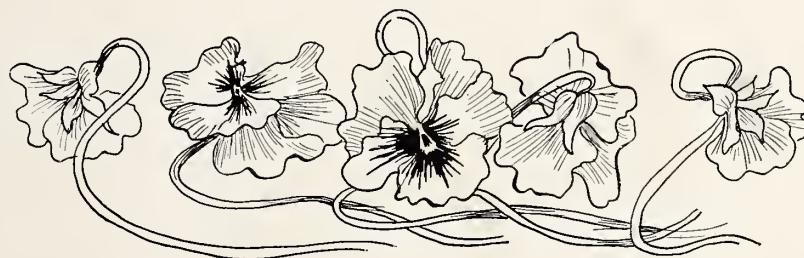
Our class is capable of many great and noble deeds which we hope to be able to prove to you when the happy year nineteen hundred and eleven comes. Now you just wait and see.

Here's to the class of 1911

Full of force and fire.

Here's to the valiant loyal seven

Whose efforts never tire!



Class Song

Our Freshman year is past and gone,
Our Sophomore almost o'er,
As trembling we stand, the Junior dawns
And of childish frolic we think no more.

Though task were hard and lessons long
We've striven ever on,
We've done the right, shirked the wrong
"With try, try, again" as our song.

A toast to the class of 1911
The glasses, raise them high,
A toast to our class, who have so faithfully striven
To become Seniors by and by.

We've curbed impatience, don't you know,
Though in number we're only seven.
But just you wait and you'll find it so
In the class of 1911.



Class of 1912

motto, scire Quam Simulare,
colors, cardinal and white,
flower, red carnation.

YELL :

whoop-La Rah! whoop-La ree!
walk Up, chalk Up, Up to Dee,
razzle Dazzle, sizzle Sazzle, Sis boom Bah,
freshmen, freshmen.
rah, rah, rah.

OFFICERS !

president—rosalyn hipp,
vice-president—laura rielley,
secretary—willy anderson,
treasurer—eleanor alexander,
historian—laura rielley,
poet—florence burkheimer.

MEMBERS !

laura reilley	hanna constable
ruth dowd	eleanor alexander
florence burkheimer	myra washburn
willy anderson	eunice stewart
rosalyn hipp	



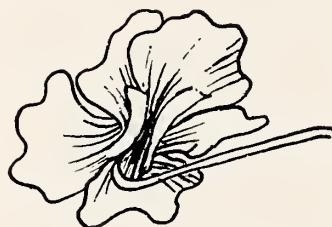


Class of 1912

History of Freshman Class

GO 'LONG honey, doan cum axen me if I seed dem young ladies wen dey dun cum in on dat er 'spress train o' cyahs, corse I seen em. Want dis niggah stanen rite dar wif bofe feet an' a-lookin' at em wif bofe o' dese heah eyes stretched to de limit? Wal, I just lowed dat a bee hive hed dun been turned loose, wen all dem gurls cum swahmen out 'o de cuah an' jes a-jabberin' buzzin' fit to kill. Wen dey see dat great big depo dey surtenly looked sum, an' also looked fo' de president. He want dere case de wuz late agin he tuk herself back to de cemetery. Den dey see de purple an' gold ribbins hangin' on de doah, a few spruce up sum an' axed de man if dis wuz de place whar dey sees 'bout de trunks. I jes wish ye cud hae seen em wen dey seen de lectrice cuahs. Dey axed wot dat air box wuz a-doin' a-runnin' by hitself? De spress man den tole em dat hit hauled de ladies to de college. An' wen I see em a-makin' fo de cuah dis heah niggah dun got a hump on heaself so I jes hustled to get a seat in de cuah whar de niggahs set, and shore nuf I haint git deae too soon, fo dem gals cum a-runnin' wife de boxes an umbrels. You jes ot to heah one gal yell wen dey started! De odders wuz too skeered an' turned jes as white as dis heah aprin o' mine. Chile dem gals neahly tuk a fit wen dey see de squah wid all dem keraiges an otomobils an dat great big sky-scrapers. Dey set still den till dat cuah hed stop stone still rite at de college, den dey curtainly did pile out ob dat cuah. A lady met em at de doah an' tuk em to dere rooms. In a few days dey hed dun got dat school malady. Dey wuz suah humsick an' dey wuz jest a-cryin' dey eyes out. De nex' few days dey had on long faces. Den onc day de Junior hed all de gals wat wuz called Fresh to git togedder in a room. I dunno wat dey dun in dere, but party soon dey cum out a-sayin' dey hed elected de officahs fo' de insuin' yeah.

HISTORIAN.



Class Poem

We have entered "Elizabeth" you can see
First as Freshmen we are destined to be.
But the goal we will win by toil and care
As we grow wiser and greater year by year.

Now a timid lot we are banded together
By mutual ties that can never sever,
And the banner so regal of "Cardinal and White"
We will ever honor with all our might.

To do our duty day by day
In whate'er manner as best we may.
Will win for us the fame we seek
And crown with glory our efforts meek.

To be "College" we must have a rhyme
A class poem with metre and time
Now really, we quake in our boots
The thought is more awful than "College spooks."

For surely we're not a poet
And by our rhymes we do not show it;
So mighty Seniors! We humbly crave
Your criticisms please, kindly save.

Some future day we hope to wear
A Senior cap, a proud head-gear,
So may each year with honors fast
Crown our efforts with the past.

Now here's to the class a hearty toast
May our friends be numbered by a host.
May joy and happiness ever dwell
Among the girls of nineteen twelve.

FLORENCE BERNHEIM BURKHEIMER
Class Poet.

Certificate Students



EVA COVINGTON
Theory



EDNA HIPP
English and Theory



MAYBELLE GREEVER
English



IRMA KILLIAN
English



Musir

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils:
The motions of his spirits are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

—Shakespeare.

Many theories have been advanced in regard to the origin of music, both mythical and historical, but we think the good Coppelmeister Wolfgang Kasper guessed the true source of its origin when he boldly declared the author of music to be God himself who made the air to transmit musical sounds, the ear to receive them, the soul of man to throb with emotions demanding utterance, and all nature to be filled with sources of inspiration.

There is absolute proof that music has charmed the soul of man since the beginning of the world; that it has grown and developed as the instinctive and creative powers of man have developed. It is a true reflection of the soul; the spiritual and material parts of music appealing to the nature of each heart, influencing it according to its capacity.

Carlyle says: "Music is a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech which leads up to the edge of the Infinite and impels us for a moment to gaze into it." While Mazenni writes: "Music is the harmonious voice of creation, an echo of the invisible world, one note of divine concord which the whole universe is destined some day to sound."

The tones alone are scarcely capable of such an inspiration but when combined, rich with melody, are a power forcing us to see the necessity of making our lives brighter and nobler, full of harmony, and preparing us for a better and happier world where music is the language of angels.

Goethe says: "A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry and see a fine picture every day of his life." There is nothing that so greatly influences the strong instinct of another world.

We have a wonderful number of compositions, enough to fill a whole life with study and pleasure. A wonderful variety of style. Bach has given unsurpassed compositions, fugues and counterpoint, while Beethoven, Chopin, and many others are delightful and instructive.

All these go together in the making of a grand and nobler art with an unknown origin and one that will last throughout eternity.

Recital

BY THE FACULTY OF

Elizabeth College Conservatory of Music

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Monday, October 19th, 1908, 8:30 P. M.

Program

ORGAN—Prelude and Fugue on B A C H,	- - - - -	Liszt
VIOLIN—Scene de Ballet,	- - - - -	de Beriot
PIANO— <i>a</i> Pastorale,	MISS CHAPPELEAR	Scarlatti
PIANO— <i>b</i> Air de Ballet,	- - - - -	Moskowski
VOCAL—Parla,	MISS KLAGER	Arditti
ORGAN— <i>a</i> The Swan	MISS SESSIONS	Saint-Saens
ORGAN— <i>b</i> Allegretto,	- - - - -	Foote
PIANO—Scherzo, B-Flat	MR. ZEHM	Chopin
VIOLIN—Romance,	MISS ROSS	Svendsen
PIANO—Polonaise,	MISS CHAPPELEAR	Moskowski
VOCAL—Beloved it is Morn,	MR. ZEHM	Aylard (Violin Obl. Miss Chappelear)
ORGAN—Grand Processional March,	MISS SESSIONS	Gounod-Eddy (From "Queen of Sheba")
	MR. ZEHM	

Under Mr. Zehm's direction the Choral Society has been doing excellent work. The attractiveness of several music recitals has been added to by numbers given by the College Chorus, and on the 29th of January the Choral Society rendered Sullivan's magnificent "Golden Legend" a cantata adopted from Longfellow's poem of that name. This recital sustained the reputation it has held since its organization.

On the 8th of April the following program was given:

Farmer's Mass in B-Flat

Love's Old Sweet Song,	- - - - -	J. L. Molloy
The Lost Chord	-- - - - -	Sullivan
The Heavens are Telling	- - - - -	Hayden



Art Students

Elizabeth Bomar

Lula Carpenter

Cornelia Drew

Minta Fowlkes

Louise Hipp

Irma Killian

Mary King

Marie McKinley

Marie Raabe

Georgia Crockett

Mabel Lau

Pearl McCrackin

Anna McLaughlin

Corneille Parsons

Ina Parsons

Hazel Robinson

Etta Skipper





School of Expression

(CATHARINE WALTER, A. B., Director)

Eleanor Alexander

Lillian Boyer

Ethel Burke

Margaret Dewoody

Bertha Dotger

Ernestine Graichen

Zula Hedrick

Helen Hunter

Mary King

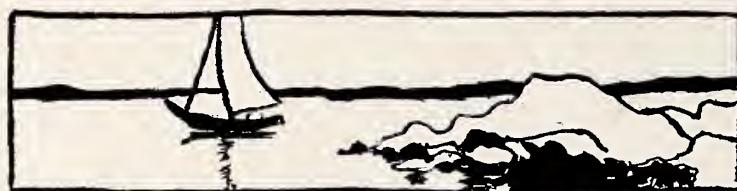
Irene McLeod

Alice Rahn

Nell Ray

Nell Saunders

Emily Wright





Scene From "Per Telephone"



Business Department

(MISS BOYER, Instructor)

Ethel Burke	Sadie Hayes
Lois Trotter	Faye Polk
Cora Stansill	Annie Davis
Annabelle Finger	Lorena Fitts
Mary McCoy	Rebecca McCoy



LOUISE MILLER
President of E. L. S.



ALICE KERR HOUSTON
President of D. L. S.



Euchrestian Literary Society

Officers and Roll
OF
Euchrestian Literary Society

MOTTO: Esse quam videri.

FLOWER: Marechal Neil Rose.

COLORS: Green and Gold.

STONE: Emerald.

FIRST TERM	OFFICERS	SECOND TERM
Louise Miller	President	Louise Miller
Mary King	Vice-President	Bertha Dotger
Hazell Albright	Recording Secretary	Hazell Albright
Bertha Dotger	Corresponding Secretary	Flora Jeffries
Evelyn Lee	Treasurer	Evelyn Lee
Flora Jeffries	First Critic	Gay Willis
Mary Sasser	Second Critic	Lena Beck
Lula Carpenter	Censor	Mary Sasser
Etta Skipper	Hall Managers	Eulalie Walker
Rosalie Philpot		Blanche Simmons
Katherine Vollers	Pages	Katherine Vollers
Margaret Dewoody		Margaret Dewoody
Hazel Robinson	Historian	Hazel Robinson
Lena Beck	Librarian	Cora Stansill

Roll

Eleanor Alexander
Hazell Albright
Lena Beck
Allene Black
Flora Bryan
Ethel Burke
Lula Carpenter
Katherine Carpenter
Hannah Constable
Margaret Dewoody
Bertha Dotger
Ruth Dowd

Minta Fowlkes
Addie Hinson
Mary King
Evelyn Lee
Willie McLaughlin
Louise Miller
Corneille Parsons
Rosalie Philpot
Laura Reilley
Minnie Rogers
Mary Taylor Sasser
Blanche Simmons

Cora Stansill
Katherine Vollers
Louise Vollers
Eulalie Walker
Gay Willis
Flora Jeffries
Etta Skipper
Sadie Hayes
Ruth Lillard
Hazel Robinson
Sarah Tanner
Margaret Marquis

History of the Euchrestian Literary Society

EVER SINCE the organization in 1898 the Euchrestian Literary Society has had a splendid record, both in its literary work and social affairs. Girls from many States have from time to time been enrolled: but this year its members are principally from North and South Carolina, although Arkansas is well represented. As our brightest girls leave us others at once come in and take their places, so that the society is never without enthusiastic members.

The programs for the literary meetings are always well planned and executed with an enthusiasm that does not fail to make every meeting interesting and instructive. The topics cover a wide field.

Now an evening is devoted to the discussion of some great movement in medieval history,—now to a review of the questions of the day,—or again to the study of some great writer's life and works.

Each member enters at once into the spirit of the occasion, and, by performing the part assigned her to the best of her ability, gains for herself valuable training that can be secured in no other way, at the same time interesting all those present in the subject for the evening.

The reception given to the new members at the beginning of the Fall term was an excellent proof that the social side has developed as well as the literary; and in fact, every reception that has been given has been called a success by those who attended.

And yet all this is but the outward demonstration of the Society's good training. Ever before us is our motto, "Esse non videre," prompting us to a true life. And our Society shall indeed have accomplished its highest purpose if those who wear its little pins shall learn to "live to be useful."

HAZEL ROBINSON, Historian.





Diatecan Literary Society

Diatelean Literary Society

MOTTO : Ad astra per aspera.

COLORS : Purple and Lilac.

FLOWER : Violet.

FIRST TERM

Alice Kerr Houston . . .
 Edna Oliver Harper . . .
 Zula Frank Hedrick . . .
 Bessie Bryant . . .
 Eva Covington . . .
 Irma Killian . . .
 Louise Hipp . . .
 Ernestine Graichen . . .
 Lois Lucas . . .
 Edna Hipp } . . .
 Maybelle Greever } . . .
 Nita Bryant } . . .
 Willie Maude Taylor } . . .
 Edna Harper . . .

OFFICERS

President . . .
 Vice-President . . .
 Recording Secretary . . .
 Corresponding Secretary . . .
 Treasurer . . .
 First Critic . . .
 Second Critic . . .
 Censor . . .
 Librarian . . .
 Hall Managers . . .
 Pages . . .
 Historian . . .

SECOND TERM

Alice Kerr Houston
 Edna Oliver Harper
 Zula Frank Hedrick
 Bessie Bryant
 Eva Covington
 Irma Killian
 Louise Hipp
 Ernestine Graichen
 Lois Lucas
 Pearle McCrackin }
 Cornelia Drew }
 Nita Bryant }
 Willie Maude Taylor }
 Edna Harper . . .

Members

Pearl Boger
 Beatrice Boyd
 Margaret Bomar
 Bessie Bryant
 Nita Bryant
 Eva Covington
 Georgia Crockett
 Zelia Corriher
 Agnes Chalmers
 Cornelie Drew
 Allene Drew
 Annie Davis

Rachel Fay
 Ernestine Graichen
 Maybelle Greever
 Miriam Gryder
 Edna Harper
 Zala Hedrick
 Edna Hipp
 Louise Hipp
 Rosalyn Hipp
 Sarah Houseal
 Alice Kerr Houston
 Irma Killian

Lois Lucas
 Mabelle Lau
 Pearle McCrackin
 Irene McLeod
 Alice Rahn
 Marie Raabe
 Marjorie Richardson
 Verna Summer
 Nell Saunders
 Annice Siler
 Willie Maude Taylor
 Emily Wright

History of Diatelean Literary Society

HE work of the Diatelean Literary Society for the year 1908-'09 has been very successful, intellectually and socially, as well as financially. We have always held our motto, "Per Aspera ad Astra" before us and feel that it has helped us wonderfully in all our endeavors.

The reception tendered the new members in the fall was voted quite a success by all those present, thus bringing the new and old members more closely together by this social intercourse.

The Bazaar given before the Christmas holidays turned out exceedingly well, so we renovated our Hall, and now it is even more beautiful and attractive than ever before.

However the most important function of this Society is that of accustoming its members to express themselves in an easy and graceful manner.

This, therefore, is the reason we lay so much stress on the delivery of programs, which are prepared with this end in view.

The subjects are varied, now some historical subjects; now the lives and works of men of letters, or some special current event.

Once a year we depart from things of serious intent and turn one meeting into a great discussion of the tender passion—Love. This however occurs only on St. Valentine's day. Then Cupid reigns supreme.

After this we return to a dignified body once more having felt refreshed and enlivened by this departure.

The name Diatelean means one who has a high purpose in life, and with relentless energy is perfecting this ideal.

To line up to this would mean to be almost perfect; nevertheless so long as we keep this end in view we cannot but live a noble and righteous life.

Even our little flower, the violet, inspires within our breasts the ambition to be as pure, and tells us by its color to be true blue to our friends and ideals.

EDNA HARPER, Historian.





Young Women's Christian Association

MOTTO : "Not by might nor by power but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

AIM : To bring girls to Christ; to train up girls in Christ; to send out girls for Christ.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Elizabeth College exists to serve the highest and best interests of the College, to develop the social as well as the spiritual side of a girl. It is a great part of our College because every girl in college, with one exception, belongs to the Association.

Our devotional side consists in a public meeting once a month in the chapel, conducted by the President: missionary service once a month, mid-week prayer meetings conducted by the girls: morning watch on Sundays during the year and every morning during Lent; and then the many meetings of the various committees in which they pray for and discuss the work.

Now for our social work. The membership committee sends a letter of welcome to each new student during the summer months and several of the cabinet members come back early in the fall to welcome the new girls and plan for the opening reception to them and the faculty.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Alice Houston

VICE-PRESIDENT—Louise Hipp

SECRETARY—Zula Hedrick

TREASURER—Ernestine Graichen

Cabinet Members

Alice Houston	Zula Hedrick
Sarah Houseal	Hazel Allbright
Louise Hipp	Bessie Bryant
Ernestine Graichen	

Finance Committee

Ernestine Graichen	Chairman
Irene McLeod	Nita Bryant
Rachael Fay	Corneille Parsons
Margaret DeWoody	Pearl Boger
Mabel Lau	Cornelia Drew

Devotional Committee

Louise Hipp	Chairman
Annice Siler	Cora Stansill
Pearle McCrackin	Irma Killian
Edna Harper	Louise Vollers
Mary Taylor Sasser	Minnie Rogers

Sunday School Committee

Hazel Albright, Chairman

Katherine Carpenter Ethel Burke

Lena Beck Alice Rahn

Evelyn Lee

Social Committee

Bessie Bryant, Chairman

Marjorie Richardson Minta Fowlkes

Willie Maud Taylor

Inter-Collegiate Committee

Sarah Houseal, Chairman

Emily Wright Rosalyn Hipp

Aileen Drew Etta Skipper

Annie Davis

Missionary Committee

Zula Hedrick, Chairman

Edna Hipp Blanche Simmons

Lula Carpenter Maybelle Greever

Marie Raabe



Missionary Society

OBJECT: To promote an intelligent interest in the general work of Missions.

PRESIDENT—Zula Hedrick

SECRETARY—Bessie Bryant

VICE-PRESIDENT—Ernestine Graichen

TREASURER—Edna Hipp

MISSION CLASS

The Mission Classes have proved to be interesting as well as profitable. Miss Houston leads a class in the study of "Islam: A Challenge to Faith." Miss Hedrick's class studies "The Unfinished Task." Miss Greever's class "The Home Land," Miss Louise Hipp's "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," while Miss Harper's class studies, "The Social Evils of the Non-Christian World."

CLASSES

Islam: A Challenge to Faith.

Leader, Alice Houston.

Annice Siler

Rachel Fay

Sarah Houseal

Miss Greever

Ethel Burke

"The Unfinished Task."

Leader, Zula Hedrick

Bessie Bryant

Hazel Albright

Lula Carpenter

Cornelia Drew

Margaret Dewoody

Emily Wright

Katherine Carpenter

Eva Covington

"Effective Workers in Needy Fields."

Leader, Louise Hipp

Miss Palmer

Aileen Drew

Blanche Simmons

Rosayln Hipp

Ernestine Graichen

"Home Land."

Leader, Maybelle Greever

Mabel Lau

Catherine Vollers

Etta Skipper

Louise Vollers

Nita Bryant

"Social Evils of the Non-Christian World."

Leader, Edna Harper

Edna Hipp

Willie Maud Taylor

Marjorie Richardson

Cora Stansill

Pearl McCrackin

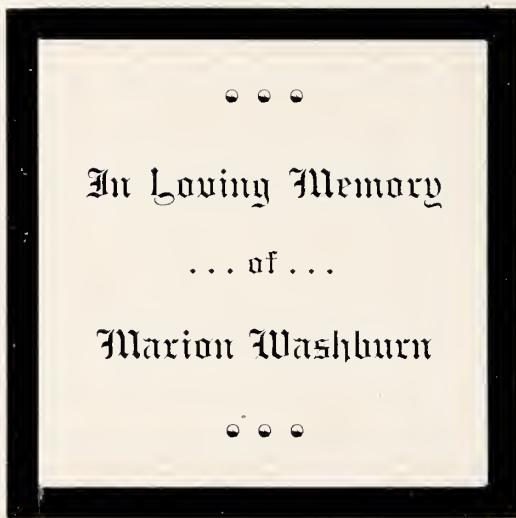


Sunday School

Our Sunday School is taught by Miss Palmer who is an interesting as well as an instructive teacher.

The Inter-national Quarterly is used, and the girls do not lose connection with the lessons at their own homes.

The majority of the girls attend and much benefit is derived.



Ye Ballade of Ye Brekfaste Belle

(With Apologies to Chaucer.)

Whan that ye brekfaste belle is loud y-runge'
Then up sterte al ye damsels fro' her bedde',
And shouten out wi 'al her strength of lunge'.
"Hold ye the doores, 'til that we been al redde',"
Next khitch ye hair upon ye frowsy hedde',
Splash once ye face, grate up ye one-piece dresse'.
And fare they forth in grete untidynesse.'

Then meet they husting maydens in ye halle',
Al shrieking fierce and making grievous dole'.
As clatteryng down ye steppe's fast they falle',
(Like a half-back stryveth for a goale'
And tryppynge on ye field is like to rolle',)
And reach the doores—Oh! then is wretchednesse'!
The doores been closed! Was ever such a messe'?

J. H.

Warning!

Sallie Carrie had some freckles on her pretty nose.
"This the reason is," she said "that I have no beaux."
So she went into the city on a shopping tour,
And she asked a clerk politely for a freckle cure.
Then the clerk looked wise and witty said he'd soon
be back.
And to the pharmacist he tore, that he his brains
might rack,
For something, that effectively would freckles brown
remove
And with all neatness and dispatch poor Sallie's nose
improve.
They hit at last upon an ounce of stuff they thought
would do—
It did the work all right—but oh—it took the skin
off too!

A. C. W.



Athletic Association

OFFICERS :

PRESIDENT,	- - - - -	Zula Hedrick
VICE-PRESIDENT,	- - - - -	Bessie Bryant
SECRETARY,	- - - - -	Edna Harper
TREASURER,	- - - - -	Louise Hipp

In Memoriam

The 'Varsity Team, aged two years, two months and sixteen days, departed this college life at 8:30 p. m., Monday, October 19, 1909.

At post-mortem, specialists agreed that the 'Varsity Team was worked to death by neglect and starvation.

The 'Varsity Team will always be remembered fondly by those who witnessed its prowess on field, and *victories over P. C. in the Spring of 1907*.

The family and mourning friends have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

In the cold moist past we laid it,
when the forests shed the leaf,
And we wept that the dear old 'Varsity
Team should have a life so brief,
Yet not unmeet it was, that this
great team of ours
So spirited and skillful and plucky—
should perish with the flowers.

A Friend of the Deceased—A. C. W.
(Apologies to Brvant.)



Senior Basket Ball Team

INTER-CLASS CHAMPIONS

Line Up

HEDRICK (Captain)	-	-	-	Centre
LUCAS	-	-	-	Forward
HARPER	-	-	-	Goal
GRYDER	-	-	-	Guard
BRYANT	-	-	-	Guard

Class Tournament

DATE	TEAMS	SCORE	IN FAVOR OF
Nov. 24, 1908	Seniors vs. Freshman	32-2	Seniors
Nov. 24, 1908	Juniors vs. Sophomores	9-12	Sophomores
Nov. 27, 1908	Seniors vs. Sophomores	27-24	Seniors
Nov. 27, 1908	Juniors vs. Freshman	32-2	Juniors
Nov. 28, 1908	Seniors vs. Juniors	10-9	Seniors



Junior Basket Ball Team

Line Up

I. McLeod	-	-	-	-	Center
E. Graichen	-	-	-	-	Goal
S. Houseal	-	-	-	-	Forward
E. Lee	-	-	-	-	Guard
B. Dotger	-	-	-	-	Guard
L. Hipp	-	-	-	-	Manager



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Line Up

Albright (Captain)	-	-	-	Centre
Sasser	-	-	-	Guard
C. Drew	-	-	-	Guard
Lau	-	-	-	Goal
Burke	-	-	-	Forward



Freshman Basket Ball Team

Line Up

E. Alexander	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
W. Anderson	-	-	-	-	-	Goal
L. Burkheimer	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
R. Dowd (Captain)	-	-	-	-	-	Center
R. Hipp	-	-	-	-	-	Guard



Regulars---Basket Ball Team

Line Up

Hedrick (Captain)	-	-	-	-	Centre
Albright	-	-	-	-	Forward
Harper	-	-	-	-	Goal
Sasser	-	-	-	-	Guard
Bryant	-	-	-	-	Guard



Specials---Basket Ball Team

Line Up

N. Bryant	-	-	-	-	-	Centre
L. Vollers	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
R. Philpot	-	-	-	-	-	Goal
C. Parsons	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
M. Fowlkes	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
Maybelle Greever	-	-	-	-	-	Manager

Nobilitate Basket Ball Team

MOTTO: Always be victorious.



Line Up

Burke	-	-	-	-	-	Goal
McLeod (Captain)	-	-	-	-	-	Center
Parsons	-	-	-	-	-	Right Guard
Philpot	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
Stansill	-	-	-	-	-	Left Guard

Tennis Club

Hazel Albright
Lena Beck
Bessie Bryant
Nita Bryant
Pearle Boger
Miss Boyer
Ethel Burke
Pearl McCracken
Zelia Corriher
Lula Carpenter
Georgia Crockett
Margaret DeWoody
Aileen Drew
Rachael Fay

Minta Fowlkes
Earnestine Graichen
Maybelle Greever
Miss Chapplear
Edna Harper
Zula Hedrick
Edna Hipp
Louise Hipp
Rosalyn Hipp
Sarah Houseal
Irma Killian
Mabel Lau
Evelyn Lee
Lois Lucas

Irene McLeod
Corneille Parsons
Rosalie Philpot
Majorie Richardson
Mary Taylor Sasser
Blanche Simmons
Etta Skipper
Annice Siler
Cora Stansill
Willie Maud Saylor
Katherine Vollers
Louise Vollers
Eulalie Walker
Miss Walter

Miss Ross



Tables Turned

Three-thirty! hurry, scurry.
Bell rung, girls in flurry,
Gym suits on, faces bright.
Match Game. Hard fight.

Three-forty-five! Umpire in place.
Seniors against Juniors. What a race!
Centers jumping, forwards throwing,
Goals aiming, guards blowing.

Whistle blows—even four.
Girls shout. First half o'er.
Who's ahead? What's the score?
Juniors smiling—two to four.

Four-ten. Up! Play!
Seniors determined, must win today.
Juniors fighting—never give up.
Rooters breathless. Who'll win the cup?

Four twenty-four. Such fighting!
Opponents even. How exciting!
One minute more decides the day.
Look at that ball! What a play!

Who's ahead? Who's won?
Juniors' hearts weigh a ton.
Good fight! One point will win.
Seniors Champs! Nine to ten.

Z. F. H.



The Coming of Virginia.

THEY were gathered around their shanty discussing the most important event that had happened in twelve years—namely, the coming of Miss Virginia Abbicrumbi, of Richmond, Virginia, who was to visit her brother, the owner of the ranch on which they were employed as cow-punchers.

"You fellers kin suit yourselves," spoke up Shorty, an aggressive little fellow who hailed from Hampshire, "But I ain't going after the lady. It ain't enough I have to ride into Cheyenne and give a lady there a little slip of writing from the boss, but now I have to go trapsein' around meeting the sweet young things when they goes traveling. No sir! not much I don't. Why can't Jim go? It's more to his trade." This was the acknowledged lady killer of Northern Wyoming. But here Bud Hardee came to the rescue, "No, boys, we have done decided that the Englishman shall go. So git agoin', Johnny Bull, and don't stop to smell violets. Bring the little black broncho—that'll do for the lady to ride. He's been broke a week." He addressed a tall young fellow who came forward and said, "Yes, I'll be most happy to meet the lady and introduce her to this bunch of cultured and refined gallants. But boys, don't drink too much, because the old man will get hot if his sister finds a lot of drunken galoots here. You had better get the stray cattle in and behave yourselves"—saying this he swung himself gracefully into the saddle and smiling down at the scowling cow-boys, he raised his sombrero mockingly, put spurs to his horse and galloped out across the sunlit prairies, leading the still half wild broncho.

As his horse swung into the slow easy gallop of the Western horse, his thoughts were busy with the past and it seemed years since he had come to this God-forsaken country. Leaving old England in search of health he had drifted to the West and finding the rough life of the cow-puncher suited to his slender purse, he had remained among the rough, though kind-hearted, men of Sunset Ranch. But even the casual observer could know the gentleman of elegant manners and patrician blood beneath his disguise. And strange indeed would have been the person who failed to look twice into the handsome blond face, as he rode along with the air of a cavalier.

As he approached the one-roomed station house he was conscious that he was looking forward, actually looking forward, to the coming of this lady; that unlike the other

boys who resented the invasion of their masculine quarters by this feminine creature, he was hoping to find in her a companion. He knew the boys did not like him for he had heard them say so. He had also heard something the night before that had caused him to load his revolver with unusual care. When Bud Hardee in talking to Jim Evans, mentioned that John Bull was to go after the lady, Jim had laughed and whispered something, of which Tom caught the words "at the Turn Around." This was a place so called on account of the numerous hold-ups that had occurred there. Putting two and two together and not knowing how much the boys might drink, he had grown a trifle uneasy.

While thinking of the boys he heard the train from Chy—as it blew for Sunset. So spurring his pony into a fast gallop, he drew rein, just as the cars stopped. A slender girlish figure, neatly gowned in brown, alighted. Seeing him she smiled engagingly, and Tom felt the blood rush to his face, feeling like a school-girl when caught at a midnight feast. He came forward, raised his sombrero and said, "Are you Miss Abbicrumbi?" "Why, yes," said she, "and you are one of the boys, aren't you?" "Yes, ma'am, I am Tom Percy, sent by your brother to take you to Sunset Ranch. Can I help you with your baggage?" "O yes, indeed you can. There are four grips and twelve trunks, so how can we get them there?" "I'll speak to some one about getting them out. Will have to send to Cheyenne for a wagon. But how are you going to ride to the ranch?" "Who ride! I?" exclaimed the surprised Virginia, "I have never been on a horse in all my life and I could not stay on that prancing thing." "Well," consoled Tom, secretly delighted, "You will have to ride on behind me, and hold to me good and tight to stay on—so we might as well start."

Virginia demurred, but it was of no avail. Tom lifted her to the horse and swung himself up and grinned pleasantly back at the uncomfortable girl.

As the horse loped easily along, Virginia forgot her fright and every now and then Tom looked around to tell her to hold tighter, she could not help telling herself that his was the handsomest and most engaging face she had ever seen. As for Tom, he had entirely surrendered the moment he felt those arms around him.

They cantered along in a silence which neither cared to break, and reached the Turn Around just a little before sundown.

Hardee and his gang of cow-punchers, hidden behind a clump of sage brushes, had rigged themselves up like Indians and were going to make Tom "show the white feather." Just as Tom and Virginia reached the point almost to them, Bud Hardee gave the signal. They charged out yelling like mad-men and shooting in the air. Virginia screamed pitifully and Tom, infuriated at the thought of those great strong men frightening a woman, fired point blank into the gang—Virginia slipped from the horse and Bud, angry beyond reason at Tom, returned the fire. Tom's broncho reared and plunged and Tom fell headlong in a huddled heap on the alkali sand. Virginia never knew how she reached his side but when she came to herself, the cowboys had improvised a stretcher and were taking Tom home.

Three weeks later as the boys were talking it over, Bud remarked, "Don't see no sense in her nursing him no how. He's well enough to be initiated into our gang. Slip up there, Shorty,—take a peep through the crack and sail this beer bottle at him." Shorty took the bottle and crept up to the window. But he came back crestfallen. "It ain't no use," he said, "He wouldn't know it if you took his whole head off—sittin' there with his arm around her."

MINNIE ROGERS.



Elizabeth College—Main Building

"The White Rose Twins"

SARAH was in a great hurry that morning and she walked briskly down the violet bordered path of the rose garden, stopping here and there to gather the very prettiest roses for Mary Virginia's graduating basket. In the farthest corner of the garden was a rose-bush of a very common variety, although very pretty, that had been set aside as being old-fashioned. On the bush there were two tiny rose buds that had partially grown together. They were exactly the same in their wax-like appearance. They were of the purest white and looked very beautiful with the morning dew fresh upon them peeping out from behind the green leaves to catch sight of the morning sun. They seemed to be well pleased with this world, but did not care to be plucked from the mother bush.

As the rustle of skirts was heard their little heads wavered as if they were trying to conceal themselves under the leaves of the mother bush. But they looked so pretty peeping from behind the green leaves that they attracted Sarah's attention as she glanced at the bush. "Twin roses! they will be just the thing for the handle of the basket to mix with the ivy." The twin roses seemed to say, "mother protect us," but with all their mother's efforts they were soon lying in the basket with the American beauties and other beautiful roses that seemed to resent their presence.

When the twin roses were elevated to their position on the handle of the basket the other roses eyed them jealously, wondering how those common roses happened to hold that position of honor.

The roses attracted the attention of the marshal when he came to deliver them. They were not securely fastened to the handle of the basket and as he approached Mary Virginia they fell at her feet. She stooped and picked them up exclaiming, "you dear little roses, and twin roses, too."

Yes, Mr. Grier, you may accompany me home" Sarah heard her friend say as she passed out the door, and looking up at the sound of the voices she saw her friend with her manly escort and noticed that the roses had been broken apart and one little bud was pinned to the lapel of his coat, while the other lay snugly nestled in her hair.

The roses had a message to tell, what it was, I do not know. But five years later as Mary Virginia was reading the Bible to the family circle she came across the little bud. It was faded now, but it had told its story.

Mr. Grier stepped to the book case and from the highest shelf got a book that was very worn, but on the inside was the mate to the rose. He laid them side by side and the roses seemed to be satisfied that their mission on earth was a good one.

MARGARET DEWOODY.

A Song

The melody fell lightly on the air,
A singer's voice was hushed almost to silence,
Then suddenly burst forth in glorious song
That told of naught but joy and gladness.

At first it fell unheeded by the throng
But soon the sweetness of the notes, the wonderful
Cadence of sound, drew the unwilling ear
To listen, and be held in an unbroken charm.

On, on, the singer's voice rose high,
Some thought it was the nightingale,
But soon it dropped to lower tones
And made one feel the strength of song.

It told of sorrow, grief, despair,
Of days full of longing and pain.
Then suddenly a human sob was heard
That rent the unresponsive air.

E. O. H.

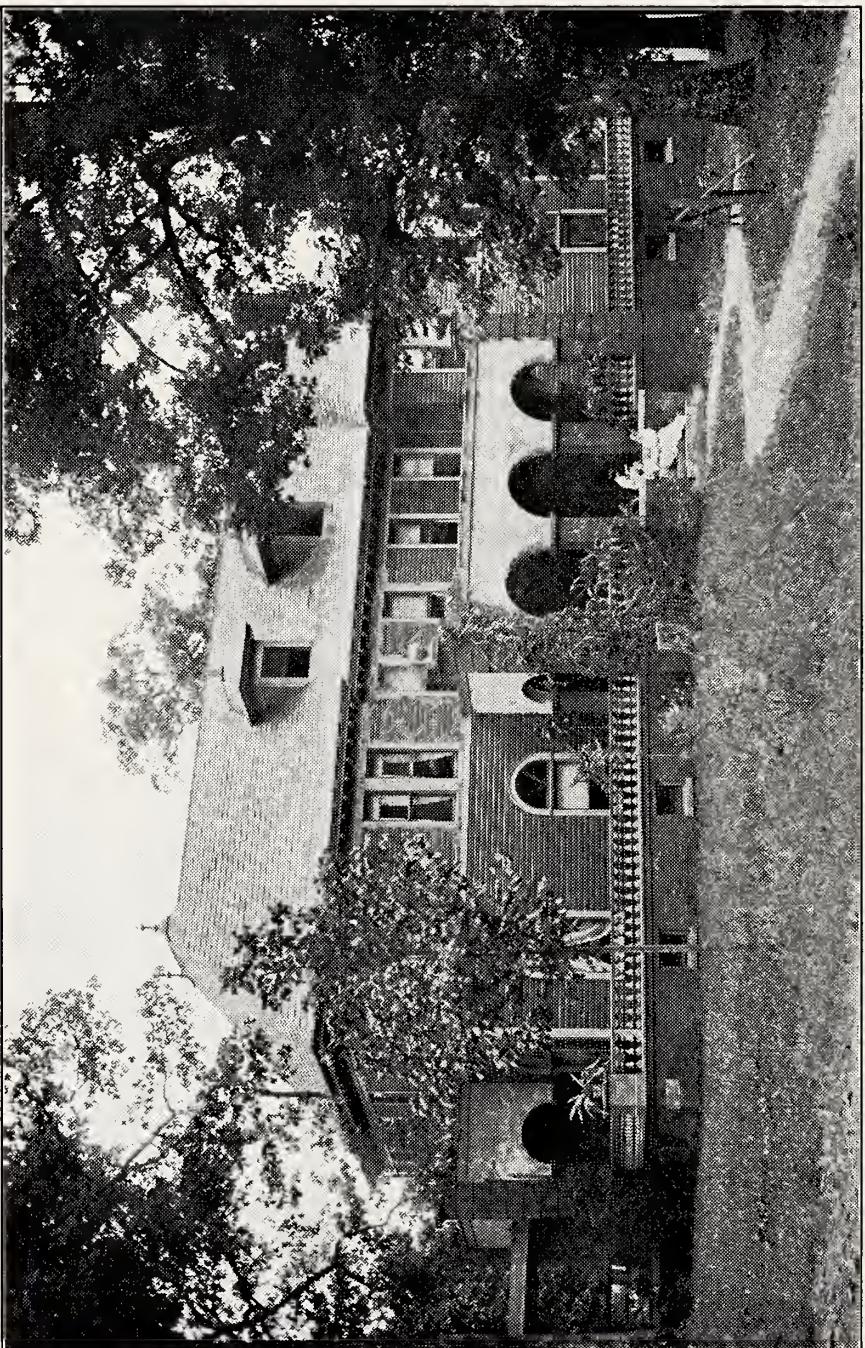
Weary Willie

"Weary Willie"
Had a habit
When he drank
To order "rabbit."

Habit grew
Will grew paler.
Friends alarmed,
Suggest a jailer.

One "rabbit" too many
Willie felt faint.
We could not revive him
So now he's a saint (?)

A. C. W.



Gerard Conservatory of Music

Seniors, Heads! Juniors, Tails!

On the car that comes at three thirty-five
Franklin with camera did arrive,
For that was the selected day serene
To photograph the Senior Basket Ball Team
Now at Elizabeth in the tournament of nineteen nine
The Senior Team did play so fine
That they the trophy cup did win
From the striving class of 1910.
This the Juniors never could forget
And in their minds they would ever let
The one aim be "To get ahead"
To kill the team of 1909 stone dead.
The trophy cup was placed in the hall
Where it was seen by great and small.
The Seniors of their victory were justly proud
And "slams" from Juniors never allowed.
The Seniors now their pictures with their prize
Were to have made right before their rivals' eyes
But this was more than the Juniors could stand
So they stole the cup and away they ran.
The Seniors then and there began
To turn the joke and they thought of this plan—
Franklin must their pictures *pretend* to make,
But not a single shadow should he take.
No. Not without their cup so dear
They must have that, if they waited a year.
The photographer entered at once in the scheme
And he pretended to take that Basket Ball Team.
The Juniors stood by in high glee
But "behind the camera" they could not see,
They were happy, and thought for ONCE
Of the Seniors they had made a dunce.
But the Seniors such a thing could not permit
And on this cunning plan they hit.
But the Juniors never knew
Until this Annual they read through
That day the picture was *not* made
Or for this Annual they ne'er would have paid.
One week passed, and the cup did stand
In its regular place—put there by a Junior hand.
Then the Seniors the cup did take
And up to Franklin's their way did make
And the picture of *the cup with the Team*
On the seventy-second page of this Annual will be
seen.

Resolved:

That Woman Has Long Hair and Short Ideas.

Negative

In considering so momentous, so grave, so weighty a matter as that now before us, it is necessary to use great prudence and deliberation. And so, since the wisest and most prudent thoughts are generally, though erroneously, ascribed to men, it seems fitting that the testimony of men upon this important question should be set forth.

A certain famous writer, a man, has called woman "man's contrast." Now it is a fact well known to woman, at least, that man has both short hair and short ideas, hence his "contrast," woman must of course have both long hair and long ideas.

Again, all men since the world began have written, talked and sung of women. Would these brilliant and intellectual beings waste their valuable time on creatures whose only assets were "long hair" and pretty faces? No, indeed! Beauty does not draw man "with a single hair" as Pope says, but brains and "long ideas" attract them.

It is also held by mankind that womankind loves to get the last word. This saying itself proves that woman's ideas are much longer than those of man, since without ideas we cannot argue.

No man dares to say that the New Woman, the product of the Twentieth Century, the suffragist, the ruler of nations, has short ideas. And yet this woman lives in an age of wigs, switches, "rats" and "short hair."

To conclude:—We have seen, that through the unbiased and sometimes unwilling testimony of critical mankind, woman has been pronounced "Not Guilty" of possessing "Long Hair and Short Ideas." May I add that the writer of this paper is the exception that proves the verdict.

J. H.



SOCIAL CLUBS





North Carolina Club

Car Heels

Alice Houston
Zula Hedrick
Lois Lucas
Evelyn Lee
Bessie Bryant
Nita Bryant
Eva Covington
Zelia Corriher

Irene McLeod
Lula Carpenter
Hazel Albright
Lena Beck
Minta Fowlkes
Cora Stansill
Cornelle Parsons
Louise Vollers

Katherine Vollers
Katie Carpenter
Mary Taylor Sasser
Marjorie Richardson
Pearl Boger

Honorary Members

Miss Willis
Miss Dotger

“Here’s to the Land of the Long-leaf Pine
The Summer Land where the sun doth shine
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow
great
Here’s to down home, the Old North State.”





The Palmettos

COLORS : Red and black

POET : Henry Timrod.

EMBLEM : Cotton boll.

ARTIST: Miss Earle

Yell

We're from S. C.

We! We! We!

From the old Palmetto State

Don't you see?

We're leaders! We're seceders!

We're always first,

We! We! We!

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Edna Hipp

VICE-PRESIDENT—Edna Harper

SECRETARY—Louise Hipp

TREASURER—Etta Skipper

Members

Edna Hipp
Pearl McCrackin
Rosalyn Hipp

Edna Harper
Louise Hipp
Emily Wright

Sarah Houseal
Etta Skipper
Blanche Simmons

Honorary Members

Miss Earle

Miss Marquis



irginia Club

Representatives

Irma Killian Ernest Graichen
Maybelle Greever

GOVENOR—M. K. Greever
SENATOR—E. Graichen
CONGRESSMAN—I. Killian

Governor's Veto:

"I hereby veto the line which affirms there is any other State besides Virginia."

Representative:

"I propose the line namely: 'I will NEVER leave the State of Virginia.' "

Sena'or:

Amendment—"I will leave the State of Virginia provided I can find a better one."

SUPREME JUDGE—Miss Palmer

ASSOCIATE JUDGES—Dr. King Miss Umberger Miss Greever Miss Crockett



Arkansas Club

MOTTO : Sleep, eat, and live to see P. B.

COLORS : Red and white.

FLOWER : Apple blossom.

TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING : Most any old time in Arkansas Alley.

FAVORITE SONG

Three more months—and I'll be free
From this awful misery
No more beef steak, no more hash,
No more Charlotte boys to smash.
Take my trunk to the railroad station,
Buy me a ticket to civilization,
Put my grip on the railroad track
And I'll be—if I ever come back.

OFFICERS

CHIEF BOSS : Eulalie Walker

Members

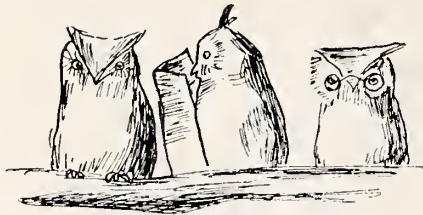
Margaret Dewoody

Rosalie Philpot

Eulalie Walker

Honorary Members

Mr. and Mrs. Zehm





De Hooligans

The Hooligan Family

Der Captain	-	-	-	Bess Bryant
Ze Cop	-	-	-	Miss Palmer
Happy Hooligan	-	-	-	Bert Dotger
Gloomy Gus	-	-	-	Mary King
Montmorency Jr.	-	-	-	Sarah Houseal
Ma Katzenjammer	-	-	-	Mary Taylor Sasser
Hans Katzenjammer	-	-	-	Margaret DeWoody
Fritz Katzenjammer	-	-	-	Nita Bryant
Jimmy	-	-	-	Minta Fowlkes
Katie	-	-	-	Corneille Parsons
Alphonse	-	-	-	Ernestine Graichen
Gaston	-	-	-	Eulalie Walker
Montmorency Sr.	-	-	-	Clara Carpenter
Me London Friends	-	-	-	Lil Satterthwaite Bland Schoolfield Mamie McCann

Song

(To the Tune of Hiawatha)

All the Hooligans are here.
Give a cheer, what's to fear?
For the Policemen are all far away!
Now the Hooligan rally in G. T. Alley
Hurry, Jimmie, don't delay.
Oh, we're up to excitement
Ne'er relent, ne'er repent
For everybody's already down on us;
Never mind, Hooligans, who's to care for all their fuss?

CHORUS:

We'll ever follow fast our brothers dear
The cops we'll never fear
Our captain always near
With Happy, Gloomy, Katie, Jimmie slow
Hans, Fritz, Ma, Monte show
Maude in the rear.

YELL:

Hee Haw! Hee Haw! Hee Haw! Hee!
Never get caught in deviltry.
Hee Haw! Hee Haw! Hee Haw, Haw!
Hooligan, Hooligan, Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Hobo Band

DIRECTOR: MISS IRENE MCLEOD, (SIGNOR COCORINI)

THE HOBO'S BAND, a comparatively new organization for Elizabeth College, is composed of some of the best musicians. It gave its first concert on February 20th before a large and cultured audience and received liberal treatment by the musical critics of the several papers. "The Morning Star" has the following to say:

"A high-class concert was given last night by the world-renowned Hobo's Band before a large audience including the best musicians of the city."

The program opened with the Lust spiel overture by Keli-Bela, in which Signor Cocorini showed his skill as a director, having under splendid control the various sections of this perfect band.

The Band was assisted by Miss Lilly Putiam (Miss Willie Maud Taylor,) lyric soprano, who charmed the audience by her delightful singing of the "Schriefrity" Aria, after which the applause was so immense that she favored the delightful audience by singing a modern English love song. Monsieur L'Herbier, who was to appear on the program, it was reported, "missed connection at Greensboro, having arrived there by the June-bug express too late to catch 23, much to the disappointment of the audience."

The Band has booked several engagements and it is rumored that it will give a grand concert at the formal opening of the new auditorium.





The Hobo Band

Concert

by the famous

Hobos' Band

Signore Corcorini, Director

College Gymnasium, Saturday, Feb. 20, 1909, 8 P. M.

Programme

Lustspiel Overture	-	-	-	-	-	-	Kela-Bela
Echoes from Italy	-	-	-	-	-	-	Corcorini
Soprano Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	Selected
							Signora Lilli Putiam
Sextette, from "Lucia di Lammer moor,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	Spagetti
							(By request)
Bottelophone Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	Selected
							Monsieur Victor l'Herbier
Triumphal March	-	-	-	-	-	-	Coonod

8:30

Removal of Masks

and

Dancing

NOTE : No dancing will be permitted before concert programme is over.

By order of

THE COMMITTEE.



The Bee Hive

MOTTO: I be, you bee, we all bees.

OCCUPATION: Dispensing sweets.

TIME OF MEETING: When the honey is in the comb. PLACE: Any old cell.

SONG: "When the Bees are in the Hive."

YELL:

Sting—Stang—Stung
The bell has rung—
Hold the Door!

THE BEES:

Queen Bee - - -	Edna Harper	Pearl McCrackin
Drone - - - - -	Lula Carpenter	
Honey Bee - - - - -	Aileen Drew	Ethel Burke
Busy Bee - - - - -	Hazell Albright	Lena Beck
Bumble Bee - - - - -	Evelyn Lee	Lois Lucas
Jolly Bee - - - - -	Cornelia Drew	Verna Summer



F. S. P.

FLOWER : Parma violet.

MOTTO : Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

COLORS : Purple and green.

MEMBERS

Eleanor Alexander
Alma Oates

Flora Bryan
Sara Tanner

Willie McLaughlin
Cammie Rodman

“The Jolly Imps”

AMBITION :

To laugh and grow fat.

OCCUPATION :

Doing polite stunts.

MOTTO :

Whoever may come and whoever may go, we go on forever.

Nita Bryant—Cutest.

Margaret Dewoody—Best all round.

Pearl Boger—Jolliest.

Rosalyn Hipp—Best natured.

Aileen Drew—Mischief-maker.

Irene McLeod—Wittiest.



The K. Q's.

MOTTO : Cross your Heart and Body.

“This was a hopeless case in view
Four maidens held the mystery true
But still the mystery grew and grew
Why all they knew was to be K. Q's.”

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE—Emily Wright.

THE INDECLINABLE—Katie Carpenter.

THE IMPENETRABLE—Lula Carpenter.

THE INSENSIBLE—Edna Harper.

Once a school-marm haughty and trim
Caught in mischief and whipped little Jim.
Jimmy wept sore, then with the might he could muster
Back of his “geog’gaffy”—he—well—well—he custer !

A. C. W.



Barn Dance Club

MOTTO: Dance while you may.

FAVORITE SAYING: Step Lightly.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Eating, drinking and dancing.

OFFICERS:

President	-	-	-	Blanche Simmons
Vice-President	-	-	-	Mabel Lau
Secretary	-	-	-	Minta Fowlkes
Treasurer	-	-	-	Willie Maud Taylor
Night Watchman	-	-	-	Sarah Houseal
Leaders	-	-	-	{ R. Philpot Miss Walker
Floor Manager	-	-	-	M. Richardson
Mischief Maker	-	-	-	Mot DeWoody
Social Manager	-	-	-	M. T. Sasser P. Boger
Marshalls	-	-	-	C. Stansill C. Parsons R. Fay

COUPLES:

B. Simmons	with	Miss Lau
M. T. Sasser	with	Miss Fowlkes
R. Philpot	with	Miss Walker
S. Houseal	with	Miss Parsons
P. Boger	with	Miss DeWoody
Dr. Fay	with	Miss Stansill
M. Richardson	with	Miss Taylor



Conny Club

“As lovely as the flowers of May”
So the Conny Club will say.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT, Miss Minta Fowlkes

VICE-PRESIDENT, Miss Mary Taylor Sasser

SECRETARY, Miss Sarah Houseal

TREASURER, Miss Corneille Parsons

SOCIAL MANAGER, Miss Cora Stansill

Favorite Expressions

KID—“My Sweetheart Says So.”

SAILOR SASSER—“Gee! You ought to be
President of the Conny Club.”

BERRY—“Did NOT hear from J—.”

NEAPOLITAN—“The Post comes today.”

CORA “R. E.”—“Will JUNE ever come?”



T. B. Club

TIME OF MEETING : 9:45 to 10 nightly.

PLACE : Spigot Parlor.

MOTTO : "Never miss."

COLORS : Pink and white.

SAYINGS

Evelyn Lee—"Come on."

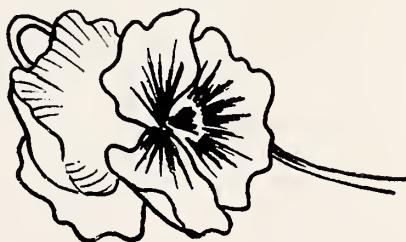
Pearle McCrackin—"You all here?"

Lena Beck—"Do you know it?"

Ethel Burke—"Lor', children, let me tell you."

Verna Summer—"I forgot T. B. You'll have
to excuse me this time."

Hazel Albright—"Wait a minute."





The Four Saints (?)

S—is for Saints the jolly four, and

A—is for above (the bath-room door)

I—is for innocent, the forced smile that we make, when caught out of one corner in hours that are late.

N—is for the noise that we make up the hall.

T—is for the trouble that pays for it all.

S—is for Saints bold and bad, did you say.

Yes bold and bad, but good in a way.

MOTTO:

Be still sat heart and cease repining.

Miss Greever's light will soon be shining.

MEMBERS:

Bess Bryant

Ernestine Graichen

Irene McLeod

Nita Bryant

THE FOUR SAINTS (Continued)

Name	Better Known	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Sayings	Highest Ambition	In Love With
Bess Bryant	Black-headed Bess	Practicing	"For John's Sake"	To play like Miss Ross	The Moon
Ernestine Graichen	"Jap"	Washing her hair	"Take me back to dear old Georgia."	To go to Georgia	Hymn (Him)
Irene McLeod	"Jimmy"	Writing poetry	"Get off the earth"	To marry a military man	Everybody
Nita Bryant	"Bill"	Bowling	"Bessie, you must be foolish,"	To hear a good joke	Nobody (?)



B. P. M. Club

MOTTO : "Memory's leaflets close shall twine round our hearts for Aye."

COLORS : Old rose and gold.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Bertha Carolyn Dotger

VICE-PRESIDENT—Mary Elizabeth King

SECRETARY—Flora Grey Jeffries

TREASURER—Mary Taylor Sasser

Members

Martha Howell

Camille Durham

Cora Stansill

Sarah Houseal



The Sister's Club

Big Sisters

Little Sisters

GRAND AUTHORITY ON "BOSSING"	-	-	-	-	-	Rosalyn Hipp
DISTURBER OF PEACE	-	-	-	-	-	Katherine Vollers
DENOUNCER OF "LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY"	-	-	-	-	-	Nita Bryant
NON-RESPECTOR OF ELDERS	-	-	-	-	-	Aileen Drew
MOTTO : I am my sister's keeper.						

OBJECT : For the welfare of each

ceit out of the little sisters.

DAILY OCCUPATION:

Big sisters— Trying to train up the little ones' in the way they should go.

Little Sisters—Bossing their superiors."

Regular meetings held on Sunday night at the "House of Correction" (Room No. 39) conducted by the Spiritual Advisor.

Erie Canal

CAPTAIN—M. K. Greever.	MATRON—Miss Elvina Covington.
PURSER—C. Stansill.	MOTTO—Beware of Palmetto Rock.
GONDOLIERS—M. Fowlkes and C. Parsons.	CHIEF SAYING—Is Miss P—’s door shut?
PILOT—R. Fay.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION—Sailing.
PHYSICIAN—I. P. Killian.	FLOWER—Sea weed.
ENGINEER—Sam Siler.	DISH—Heron a la Tomato sauce.

The Zehm Family

Name	Nickname	Favorite Saying	Chief Topic	Ambition
Eulalie	Lollie	Say! is this a crab?	Sarah	To hear from the doctor
Louise	Ouisa	Never "Will"	The Red and White	To get a "36",
Rosalie.....	'Ea"	Oh! Look at the mail	Home and mother (?)	To live in Little Rock
Katherine ...	Mouse	Don't make me blush	Wilmington and the peach	To be a Latin Professor
Lula	Lud	Donnez moi le sucre, si'l vous plait	King's Mountain	To be an Artist
Margaret.....	Mot	Now, shut us Rosalie!	Ichabod Crane	To speak German
Miss Ross....	Aunt Katie	My dear child	Weather	To be a good tennis player
Miss Boyer..	Aunt Grace	Well! what do you know about that?	"Pennsy"	To be with Miss K.
Mrs. Zehm..	Mama	If you don't be good I'll whip you	Home and Pater	To dance the German Waltz once more
Mr. Zehm.....	Papa	No mail today	Wrightsville Beach	Eat chili concarni and hot tamales in Arkansas



Cotillion Club

OFFICERS:

President—Bessie Bryant
Vice-President—Zula Hedrick
Secretary—Mary Taylor Sasser
Treasurer—Maybelle Greever

MEMBERS

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Bessie Bryant | Sarah Houseal |
| Nita Bryant | Mary Taylor Sasser |
| Ernestine Graichen | Mabel Lau |
| Irene McLeod | Irma Killian |
| Eulalie Walker | Maybelle Greever |
| Rosalie Philpot | Eva Covington |
| Pearle Boger | Minta Fowlkes |
| Margaret DeWoody | Corneille Parsons |
| Blanche Simmons | Cora Stansill |
| Marjory Richardson | Georgia Crockett |
| Willie Maud Taylor | Edna Hipp |
| Etta Skipper | Louise Vollers |
| Louise Hipp | Rosalyn Hipp |
| Catherine Vollers | Emily Wright |
| Zula Hedrick | Rachel Fay |
| Lois Lucas | Evelyn Lee |
| Hazel Albright | Edna Harper |
| Lena Beck | Cornelia Drew |
| Aileen Drew | Zelia Corriher |
| Ethel Burke | Pearle McCrackin |



Red and White

FLOWER	- - - - -	American Beauty
FAVORITE BOOK	- - - - -	"Red and White"
OCCUPATION	- - - - -	Writing Letters
AMBITION	- - - - -	To get a "36"

MEMBERS

Zula	Bess	Louise
------	------	--------



Newberry Lasses

"IN NEWBERRY"

The moonlight falls the softest
 "In Newberry;"
The summer days come oftest
 "In Newberry;"
Friendship is the strongest
Love's light glows the longest
Yet wrong is always the wrongest
 "In Newberry."

Life's burdens bear the lightest
 "In Newberry;"
The sun shines ever brightest
 "In Newberry;"
While players are the keenest,
Cards come out the meanest
The pocket empties cleanest
 "In Newberry."

The breezes whisper lightest
 "In Newberry;"
The people treat one whitest
 "In Newberry;"
Plain girls are the fewest
Maidens eyes are bluest
Their little hearts are truest
 "In Newberry."

YELL

What did you say ?
Where are you from ?
Newberry ! Newberry !
Off on a bum !

FLOWER : Forget-me-not.

COLOR : Blue (slightly).

FAVORITE OCCUPATION : Watching for the mail.

FAVORITE SAYINGS : "There's no place like home."

MAYOR : E. Hipp.

TOWN CLERK : L. Hipp.

Aldermen

Ward I. S. Houseal.

Ward II. P. McCrackin.

Ward III. R. Hipp.



Upper and Lower Berth

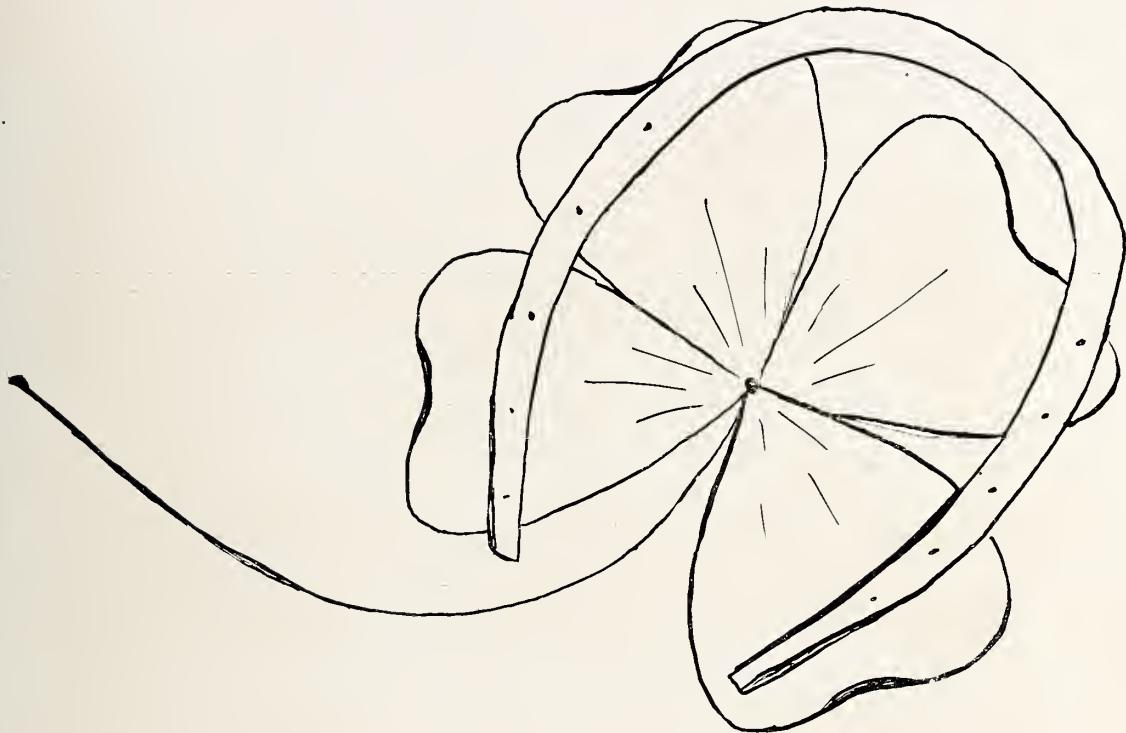
SONG

It looks to me like a big night to-night
Big night to-night
Big night to-night

For when the old "cat's" away the mice like to play
It looks like a big night to-night
Horror—"cats"
Dish—"cat"—fish.

MEMBERS

Sarah Houseal	-	-	-	The Sleeper
Mary T. Sasser	-	-	-	The Loafer
Ernestine Graichen	-	-	-	The "Boss"
Nita Bryant	-	-	-	Mischief-maker
Irene McLeod	-	-	-	It's hard to tell
Bess Bryant	-	-	-	The "Flirt"



Good Luck Club

Favorite Expressions

First Petal—Have you saw my specs?
Second Petal—Mama wouldn't approve of that.
Third Petal—Darn that mouse! !
Fourth Petal—I wish I'd get a letter from Paul today.

Flower—Clover.

Meeting Place—Any old place at any old time.

Song—Four Leaf Clover.

Occupation—Telling jokes and using words.

Here's a toast to you old Lucky Club
Whose ship holds but us four
Which way the wind may waft our tub
May she land on Fortune's shore.

Members

Eva Covington

Zelia Corriher

Maybelle Greever

Irma Killian



The Athletic Club





Ellen Terry Dramatic Club

PRESIDENT—Mary E. King.

VICE-PRESIDENT—Bertha Dotger.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER—Nell Ray.

Members

Alice Rahn
Ernestine Graichen
Nell Saunders

Zula Hedrick
Ethel Burke
Irene McLeod

Eleanor Alexander
Emily Wright
Lillian Boyer

Alumnae Association

PRESIDENT	- - - - -	Miss Erin Kohn '02 Prosperity, S. C.
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	Mrs. C. S. McLaughlin '00 Charlotte, N. C.
SECRETARY	- - - - -	Miss Gertrude Cappelmann '03 Charleston, S. C.
TREASURER	- - - - -	Miss Margaret Willis '03 Charlotte, N. C.
HISTORIAN	- - - - -	Miss Lula Habenicht '06 Columbia, S. C.

A Question

If I should hold your hand awhile
Would you withdraw it ? Say ?
If I should steal a kiss one day,
Would you turn your head away ?
If I should send you violets
Would you be as true as they ?
And always keep yourself as pure
And ne'er to me say nay ?

E. O. H.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth, to thee we offer
Loving tribute, thro' all days.
In our hearts is ever burning
Zealous, earnest, loyal praise.
As we ever journey onward
Be it sunshine, be it shade
Ever bearing sweetest memories
That Old Time can never fade.
Here's to Elizabeth ! Our Queen
Mother, Elizabeth !

Z. F. H.

As They Say

Lula C.—I don't give a c-t.
Alice H.—I hain't got none.
Agnes C.—Bosh!
Eulalie W.—Well, let me tell you.
Edna O. H.—O-ey.
Edna Hipp—Neighbor, go slow and hold the door.
Crockett—By Hookey!
V. Summer—I thought to my soul I would die!
Bess B.—What time is it Jap?
Irene McL.—Hello, what you doin'?
Zula H.—Don't worry, it will all come right in the end.
Lois L.—Well that's n-e-w-s to me!
Minta F.—For Pete's sake!
Cora S.—G-o-s-h!
K. Carpenter—S-a-y!
Miss P.—Girls, girls get to your rooms. This noise MUST be stopped.
M. R.—Oh, it's BEASTLY boring!
A. K. H.—Miriam have you heard from the pins?
N. Bryant—Oh, mercy!
I. K.—Well, for one thing—.
E. G.—Ain't it the truth!
M. R.—Wait for me darling.
Agnes—Miss Palmer, make them stop laughing at me.
Zula—Will —— is ——.
A. K. H.—Has ANYONE ANYthing else to say.
L. L.—I'm going to tell Miss Ross.
Miss R.—How perfectly funny!
M. T. S.—Have YOU seen my heart?
G. B.—Where IS Bess?
Jap—Shorely not!
Bess B.—Oh! mercy! Don't sit on my specs.
Cornelia D.—What's the m-a-t-t-e-r?
Pearle McC.—(7:35 a. m.) Aileen are you up?

Limericks

When the Editor-in-chief said she neeeded a few
more pages
To complete this book which is to last for ages
I had great times
To make a few rhymes
And I beg mild criticism from all the sages.

Alice is our little Senior girl
Who in all things is surely a pearl;
Look all around,
None like her is found,
Even though you search the whole world.

Edna comes from St. George, S. C.,
She is always as busy as can be;
She loves mathematics,
And even hydrostatics;
Such a fine girl you never did see.

In room seven if you chance to peep
There you'll find Bess fast asleep;
But she'll soon awake
And say "For John's sake,
Your voice almost makes me weep."

Nita is her little sister dear
Whom everyone wishes to be near;
She loves to please
But often will tease,
In fact she's about the best one here.

Have you ever heard anyone drum the
piano like Grace?
Not even Paderewski can with her keep pace;
She plays just so
Presto! fortissimo;
Her playing is only surpassed by her face.

Then Chatty with the peachy complexion—
Mr. Waddy thinks it is perfection;
But it's only paint,
Oh! she's no saint,
But wasn't she wise in her selection.

Zula is great in basket ball,
She never lets a good play fall,
 She's studious too
 And will stand by you,
Even though you're forsaken by all.

The Richardson family, Majorie and
 Willie M.,
Always appear so proper and prim;
 But Mr. is the boss
 And makes Mrs. cross;
Did you ever see anything equal to them?

If there's anything doing at all gay,
Mary Taylor's there at any time of day;
 But Miss Palmer was her match
 And Mary Taylor was her catch,
So on the campus for six weeks she'll stay.

But on the campus she was not alone
For Minta had also "gnawed the bone;"
 But said Minta, the jolly,
 "It may have been folly,
But I had a good time and now I'll not
 groan."

Eva has a voice like a mocking bird,
All, by her notes, are deeply stirred;
 From out her throat
 Will burst the loveliest note
That by mortals has ever been heard.

Now, her chum, Irma, let us hail,
Who has the voice of a nightingale;
 What do you suppose?
 She has scores of beaux!
Do you think she is as slow as a snail?

Georgia is our artistic friend
Who falls in love now and then;
 But why such a blush?
 Is it a paint brush?
If I'd tell, 'twould be an end.

Sarah is our noted fashion book,
Which can be found out at one look;
 At breakfast she's late
 As sure as fate,
And has to hang her excuse on the hook.

From Arkansas came demure Eulalie
And with her, her room-mate Rosalie;
They're never snappy
But always happy,
And both love Arkansas devotedly.

"Mot" comes also from this far away state.
And talks about Pine Bluff at a very great
rate;
Does she love Fred?
It mustn't be said,
Only in the stern decrees of Fate.

Have you seen Pearl with the curls of brown
And on whose face has never a frown?
But isn't it sad
That she loves her "dad,"
Better than anyone else in Concord town.

Another Senior is Lucas Lois the fair,
Blessed with abundance of hair;
She is enthusiastic
And sometimes sarcastic;
Taken as a whole, she is quite debonair.

And the Hipp sisters have you seen them?
First and third broad, the second very slim;
They hail from Newberry
And are never contrary;
What else would you say about the sisters
prim?

On Aileen's face always beams a smile
Which can be seen for almost a mile;
She's very neat
And always sweet;
Her disposition—one could not rile.

Cornelia is her dear big sister
Who is very fond of a certain Mister;
He said "I love you."
She replied "Me too,"
And then fainted when he "kister."

Irene is our hilarious one,
Did you ever see her not full of fun?
She's very dramatic
And also emphatic;
But by Jimmy her heart has been won.

Lula is the lone King's Mountain maid
Who has always had Art for her trade;
 She is a K. M. boomer
 And you never heard a rumor
That she fixed her hair with a false braid.

A haughty Junior is Ernestine, or "Jap,"
For the opinions of others she cares not a rap;
 She's not a fake,
 Her part she'll take,
Even though it leads into a scrap.

You know appendicitis has long been the
 style
So Cora thought she would try it a while;
 But now she'll say
 "It doesn't pay,"
And goes along with a song and a smile.

Next on the "Canal" is our dainty Corneille
And do you suppose that she could steal ?
 Only Minta's heart
 And she won't part,
From it in spite of war and weal.





Kodak Scenes

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Brightness.—A. K. H.

Conditions.—Dr. King.

Flowers for interest.—A. K. H.

All debts accumulated during past year.

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A Hair Puff. Reward offered by Miss K.

Sleep—by Lois.

Thinking Capacity.—E. O. H.

English Reference Books.

A Water-cooler on Third Floor.

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A Bunch of Violets by Miss Sessions.

A way to tease Edna.—A. K. H.

A point to a joke.—C. Drew.

An original idea by P. McC.

A Prima Donna for Third Floor.—Mlle A. Drew.

For once—Enthusiasm by Louise Miller.

Elizabeth Bromidianus

I.

Don't smile—Miss Palmer will hear you.

II.

Miss ——— sat on me today.

III.

Isn't Professor the SWEETEST thing?

IV.

How many letters in our box? I'll die if I don't get one.

V.

How much do you weigh? I've lost six pounds.

VI.

After I've shampooed my hair, I can't do a thing with it.

VII.

Isn't the campus BEAUTIFUL now?

VIII.

Have you got anything to eat? I'm starving to death.

IX.

Oh! do hold the door for me!

X.

Doesn't time fly? It's only ——— weeks before we go home.

XI.

I just know I flunked on that test.

XII.

I saw the best moving picture show today.

XIII.

Is the water hot?

XIV.

Has the bell rung?

XV.

I'm just CRAZY about her.

XVII.

Saturday bromidian—I hope it will rain tomorrow.



"Laugh and the world
laughs with you."

Smiles

E. L. (Junior)—Who is John Charles McNeil, anyway ?

C. C.—A Poet, who died recently.

E. L.—O! yes. I know who he is. He's Uncle Remus.

P. B.—I declare he looks like a dead corpse.

E. W.—I am going to play a solo by myself.

P. B.—What time does the thirty-five minutes past five car get here ?

Bee B.—Everybody loves a story-teller.

Dr. King.—Take an insane mad dog for instance.

A. H.—Look at the beautiful skies !

B. B.—Where ?

A woman's reason is like the wind—"thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

A. H.—Look for my slippers in the bottom of my closet.

Z. H.—Well, where is the bottom ?

L. V.—Has that kind of fish got both eyes on the same side ?

L. L.—I have all the characters of "A Tale of Two Cities" in my note-book except Sidney Carton.

E. O. H.—I always put the heroines in first, so I've already fixed him.

A friend in need would be a friend indeed if he'd keep your address to himself.

Miss U.—How old are you A—?

A. D.—I'm very well I thank you. How are you ?

Miss R.—(during music lesson)—Did I give you anything else ?

P. B.—Yes'm. You gave me a chromonic scale.

A woman often marries a rich man for same reason that she goes to a summer resort—change.

L. C.—When is Taft's imagination ? In March ?

E. L.—Who was Marco Polo ?

M. T. S.—He was the fellow that went to Cuba.

E. B.—Does Thanksgiving come before Christmas this year ?

An engaged man is like a ship sailing into the wind with all sails set. After marriage he is obliged to come about and run before the gale, and the rest of the journey is spent in watching the canvas disappear.

Miss P.—Who was Constantine ?

Miss L.—He-er-was-er-the first king-er-of France.

A. C.—Browning was lucky in one thing—to get a wife.

If "familiarity breeds contempt," money must be the exception that proves the rule.

Miss L. L.—The British were kept from fishing on American soil.

E. G. H.—The play at home was given for the benefit of the U. D. C.

S. H.—Oh! I thought it was for the "Daughters of the Confederacy."

The man of property is sought after because he's landed, and "landed" because he's sought after.

Prof. Z.—(Thursday dinner)—I am requested to announce that Miss W— will speak to the Y. M. C. A. this evening in the chapel.

P. Mc—Miss Boyer, will you send off this package for me?

Miss B.—Yes. Do you want to send it C. O. D?

P. Mc—Er-r-r-yes'm but here is fifty cents on it.

Dr. K.—Young ladies, this is a book I want you to read AFTER life.

When Miss E. entertained her art class, she asked each girl to write some quotation on art. Pearl won distinction by writing, "Art thou weary? Art thou languid?"

L. L.—Going to see Lew Dockstader?"

G. C.—Who is she? I never heard of her before.

Miss C.—(Translating German). When Siegfried stabbed the dragon, its blood flew down the hill.

Pullman Conductor—"All asleep in Number Nine?"

Miss C.—Yes.

Why does Eva read MATTHEW so much?

E. H.—Such is life without BEING a wife.

Clerk—This is the best silver—"Rogers."

(Purchaser—Junior)—Oh! Roger and Galet's?

E. G.—Has the cat mewed yet?

Miss W.—was suffering from headache and after taking a dose of phenacetine, said "My head feels so much better since Mrs. M—. gave me a dose of antiphysgitine."

Editor-in-Chief—Girls, I will lock the Annual room key and leave the door in my room.

L. L.—Why couldn't we put A. C. S. for Athletic Association?

"A Game of tennis I would love
To play with you," said she.

The game was love.

The set was love.

The match was love you see.

"The game of life I'd more than love
To match with you," said he.

The game was love.

The set was love.

The match was love you see."

—Exchange.

A. K. H.—Why did Antony go to Egypt?

E. H.—To conquer Caesar.

L.—There's lot of PLAGUERISM in my Thesis.

What's the use of a secret if you can't tell it?





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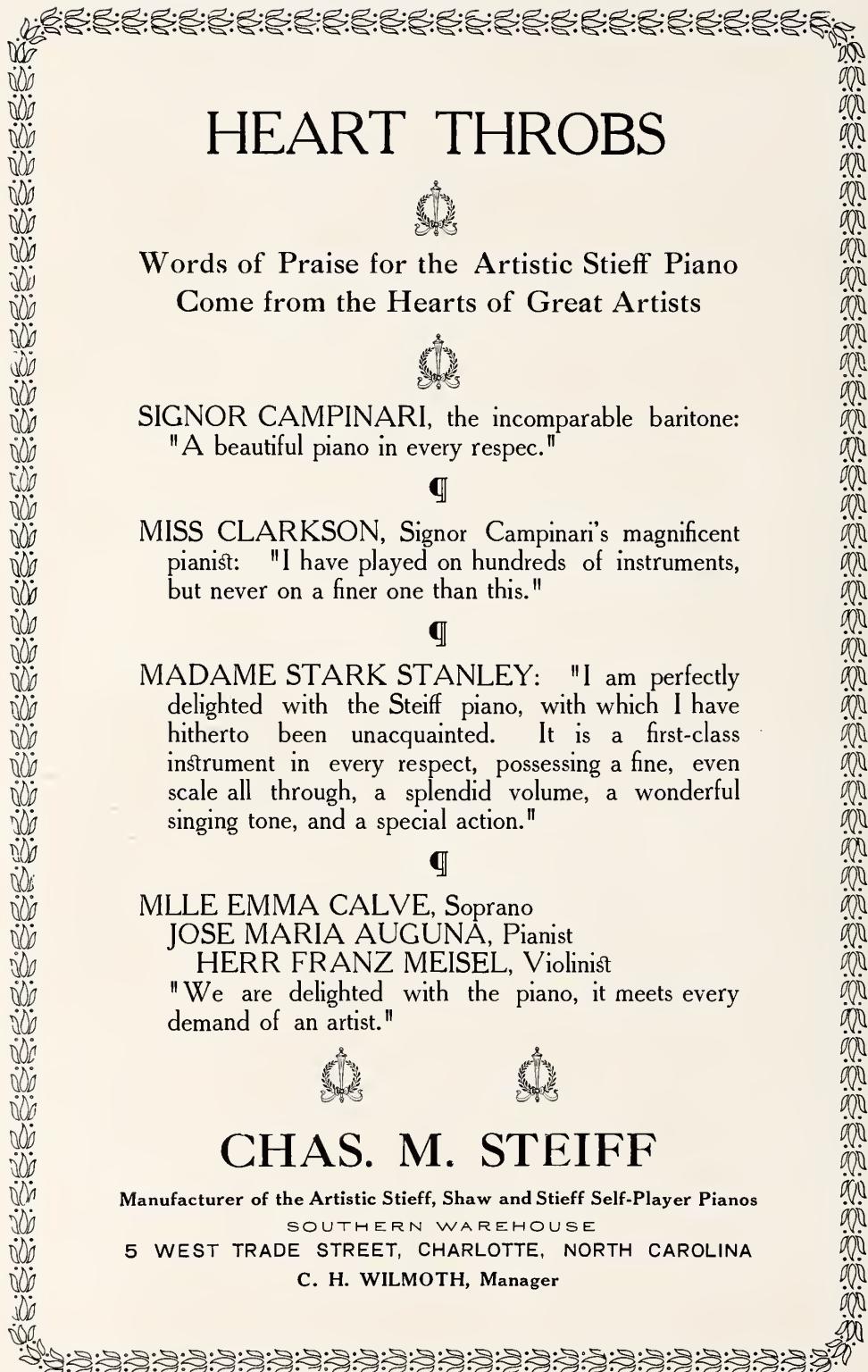
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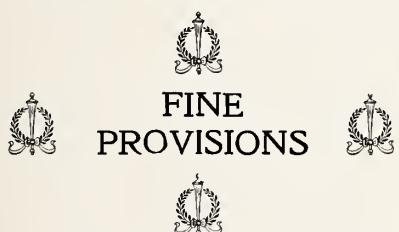
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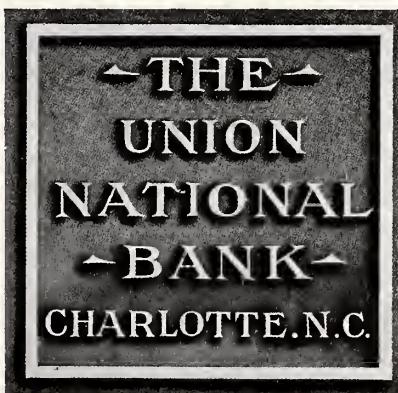
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On Third Floor

Trade Street Store

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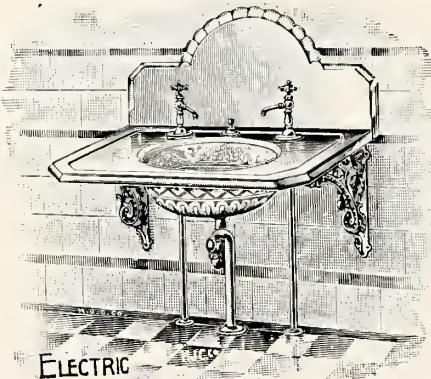
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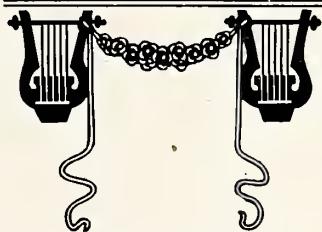


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